

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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May, 1953 — 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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TODAY'S MOTHERS

Happy is the word for our "cover mother." And no doubt when baby completes her investigation, she will concur. Today's mother finds herself with robot servants; time-, back- and feet-saving arrangement of working areas; factory-mixed cakes, pies, puddings and rolls; ready-for-the-pot vegetables, meat, fish and fowl; easy-to-care-for plastics and nylons. Even the sheets on the bed stay in place (and whoever thought the design of a sheet would change).

But let's probe a little further, into her value attitudes. She emphasizes shared family experiences, in work and play, at church and in the home; her children's feelings about what they are doing; her own relaxed, unemotional attitude while her children learn new skills and meet new situations; consistency in discipline.

Today's successful parents (their children are well adjusted) like being parents; they find their children interesting. One such parent gives this formula: "Most important of all is loving them and letting them know it; thinking of them as people and treating them so; and above all letting them know they are wanted."

May *Hearthstone*—this issue and subsequent ones—help today's mothers—and fathers, too—rear well-adjusted children in happy, Christian homes.

● **This issue . . .** Teen-agers often tell others what they won't tell their parents. Here, from group surveys, is their opinion of their parents. Parents of children of any age will want to read about the effect of summer camping on character building; ways to increase the value of family worship periods in the home; the importance of satisfying a child's longing to belong; the new development in home movies—sound. Special features: The Christian in Journalism, by the former editor of the editorial page of a N. Y. newspaper; for Memorial Day, a minister's poems to comfort parents bereft of a beloved child.

● **Next month . . .** Parents as teachers of religion; youth and skilled vs. unskilled vocations; a new way to strengthen the parent-child relationship; sharing the beauty of God's heavens; the Christian in advertising.—I. P. B.

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—E. V. Gebhardt.

CHRIST COMFORTING A MOTHER

A Word

from

The

Word

Honor Your Father and Mother

My son, be attentive to my words;
incline your ear to my sayings.

Let them not escape from your sight;
keep them within your heart.

For they are life to him who finds them,
and healing to all his flesh.

Keep your heart with all vigilance;
for from it flow the springs of life.

Put away from you crooked speech,
and put devious talk far from you.

Let your eyes look directly forward,
and your gaze be straight before you.

Take heed to the path of your feet,
then all your ways will be sure.

Do not swerve to the right or to the left;
turn your foot away from evil.

—Proverbs 4:20-27

Hearken to your father who begot you,
and do not despise your mother when she is old.

Buy truth, and do not sell it;
buy wisdom, instruction, and understanding.

The father of the righteous will greatly rejoice;
he who begets a wise son will be glad in him.

Let your father and mother be glad,
let her who bore you rejoice.

—Proverbs 23:22-25

By MARGARET S. WARD

Editor of Juniors, an American Baptist story-paper; contributor to current religious periodicals; author of the new vacation church school texts: "Working with God in His World" and "Jesus, Friend of All"

We Plan Together for Family

IN RECENT years a new emphasis has been placed on the importance of family worship. This is not the time to argue in favor of making this devotional experience an integral part of Christian family life, but rather an opportunity to help parents become aware of the importance of working and sharing in "things religious."

Think back, if you will, to the family worship you remember or heard about as a child. Do you not see a picture of a family gathered around the breakfast table, listening to father read a chapter from the Bible and then offer prayer?

True, this was a sincere effort on the family's part to recognize the presence of God in the home

and their dependence upon him, but more often than not the littlest children squirmed and the older youth endured the ritual like a bitter pill. Probably none of the children benefited much from the occasion, because they had had no part whatsoever in planning for it, nor any other part in it except passive listening. This kind of family worship was in keeping with the philosophy of the time, which made father the head of the family. As such it was his sacred responsibility always to lead family worship, and no variation was expected.

In a well-planned family worship service, every member should contribute his bit, whatever it may be. Here, Sally plays the tune—in mixed tempo—and all join in the singing of a favorite hymn.



Today, the trend is toward more democratic procedures in all phases of our modern life. In public school our children and youth help to plan many of their experiences, and as a result they learn more easily and enjoy school more. The same spirit of democracy should permeate all our plans for family worship, for it was one of Christ's fundamental teachings that each individual was important and could make a real contribution to the life of the family. Family devotional experiences have genuine significance only when each member feels that he has contributed in some measure to the meaning of the occasion.

We might say at the outset that the decision as to whether or not to have family worship at all, as well as time, place, and plan for it, should be taken up in the family council. Instead of one or both parents saying arbitrarily, "We are going to start having family worship in our home tomorrow," the idea should be talked through with the family group. Parents should be ready to present the values in family worship. Each member can tell what he considers to be the best time of day and how much time could be devoted to it. Different places might be suggested and then tried, and the family council choose

Worship



what it feels contributes most to the occasion. Agreement should also be reached that each member of the family will share devotional responsibilities up to his own ability and understanding.

The family council would also be the logical place to give each member of the family some specific responsibility in family devotions. Often these will require advance thought or preparation. Each member of the family from the youngest to the oldest would be given a chance to say just what he or she can share on a theme the family has selected. For example, the four-year-old may know a verse of Scripture, the eight-year-old may tell a Bible story, the junior high youth can choose a hymn, and one of the parents may lead in prayer.

Types of devotional responsibility that members might want to assume will vary with each family. Children differ in age, experience, and in the amount of responsibility they wish to take. Family worship should never be forced, but always a time of joy and peace. Not every ten-year-old can read from the Bible acceptably, but there are some children who can do so when they are much younger. Some young people are shy and self-conscious about praying before others. In the family council parents need to guide the placing of responsibility for devotional experiences. The most important thing to remember is that from the smallest child to the oldest adult there is something each can contribute, whether it be a prayer, story, favorite verse of Scripture, playing a hymn, or reading from the Bible.

When there are only young children in the family, family worship should be simple. These young children could not plan or lead a complete service, but they can make some small contribution almost every time. What they can share best will be a verse of Scripture, a short story, or a prayer from their church school materials of the previous Sunday. They can show the Bible leaflet they brought home,



Family worship should never be forced; it should always be a time of joy and peace. Such is the spirit of this family. Above: They take turns in saying grace at table. Below: Parents contribute their deep spiritual convictions and wider knowledge, but without monopolizing the worship periods.

tell a little about the picture and story, or say the Bible verse. Sometimes the family can join in singing a song from the leaflet.

Primary children take special pride in their growing ability to read. Most denominations are now including Bible reading books in their graded courses. The primary boy or girl in the family would enjoy being asked to read a story from his Bible book. When he has learned a whole psalm, such as Psalm 23 or Psalm 100, it would give him real pleasure to be asked to recite this alone or to lead the family in reciting it. If he is able to read a short passage from the Bible, like the Christmas story, one of the psalms or a story about Jesus, he can share in that way. He will need time to practice reading from the Bible, however, so that he can read smoothly. Children of this age can repeat the Lord's Prayer, and occasionally that could be the family prayer. Some of the prayers in the Bible books could be read, or he can use his own words. Occasionally, with help from an older brother or sister or from his parents, a primary child could plan and lead a serv-

ice for family worship. An appropriate time would be Christmas, when he can set up a manger scene on a table or mantel as a center of worship.

Juniors can assume even greater responsibility. Most of them can read short passages from the Bible, if these are not too difficult, and if they have had a chance to practice reading them aloud. With some parental guidance, they can take complete charge of planning and leading the family in worship, selecting worship materials and assigning responsibilities.

Older youth can do all that juniors can do, only the worship materials they can handle will contain ideas that fit their growing experiences. Sometimes these youth do not wish to take part in the worship of their high school department, because they lack experience in handling the materials. The family group is the place to give them training in reading Scripture with expression and without stumbling. Here they can become accustomed to hearing the sound of their own voices in spontaneous prayer.

Where the youngest members of the family are of junior age or older, there is value in following a devotional guide like *The Secret Place*. If a family does not wish to use this exclusively, older youth could be given the responsibility of looking through and selecting the most appropriate readings.

Parents and other adults in the family are not to be left out. Their deep spiritual convictions and wider knowledge should be shared, but they will never monopolize family worship. Better that they stay as much in the background as they can, drawing out each younger member of the family to take his part. Sometimes when the youngest child has told a favorite Bible story, a parent might plan to read this from the Bible. Often the parents are the ones who can call attention to some interesting thing that has happened during the day or some problem in family living that has caused them sorrow. This is the time for the parent to word a prayer of thanks or a plea for guidance. When a younger family member shares some experience, the parent, from his wider knowledge, may know just the verse of Scripture or hymn that will definitely relate God to that experience.

Each member of the family may also share in the experience of offering grace. A good beginning is to memorize a few well-expressed graces, which may sometimes be prayed in unison or used by one member of the family. Our seven-year-old brought home a little four-page booklet of table graces she had made in church school. She took special pride in using this when it came her turn. Since thanking God for food is one of the most natural prayers to make, sharing in saying grace can become a splendid chance for training family members in spontaneous prayer.

Planning worship together is not nearly as simple as it was in the olden days, but it is more rewarding. It does take more time and thought than it did for father alone to read a chapter from the Bible and to offer prayer. But fathers and mothers and children who work and share together in "things religious" will discover a new sense of happiness and security, mutual confidence in each other and in God.

Here is proof that

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHTY

By Jasper B. Sinclair

OLD AGE is not always a time for rocking chairs and slippers. Some notable contributions to the world's culture, welfare or scientific and political progress have been made by those who have lived well beyond the prescribed biblical lifespan.

Classic examples of a useful longevity are to be found among composers, painters and inventors, as well as in politics, literature and science. The great Titian was painting with all the vigor and undiminished enthusiasm of youth when he was 99 years old.

John Trumbull, the early American portrait painter, continued working with zest until his 87th year. Giuseppe Verdi produced the comic opera "Falstaff" when he was 80 years of age. Walter Damrosch was still active in the world of music at the age of 88 years. And at 81, William Shield, the British composer, was still Master of the King's Musicians.

Voltaire wrote with unwearied enthusiasm right up to the end of his 84-year lifespan. Noah Webster was past 82 when he published the last of his famous American dictionary editions. Samuel Smiles, the Scottish author, kept his pen in hand till his 92nd year.

Izaak Walton passed his 90th milestone after writing the *Compleat Angler* at 60, to demonstrate that the contemplative sport is conducive to the enjoyment of a long life. William Cullen Bryant published "The Flood of Years," his last poem of any length, when he was 84 years of age.

George Bernard Shaw's intellect and caustic sense of humor were undimmed to the end of his 94 years. Sarah Hale, who is best remembered for pioneering the observance of Thanksgiving Day as a nation-wide holiday, retired from literary life at the sprightly age of 89 years.

William Ewart Gladstone was 83 years old when he became Prime Minister of Britain for the fourth time; and 85 when he yielded that high office to the Earl of Roseberry. Peter Cooper, the American industrialist, inventor and philanthropist, was 85 when he ran for President as the unsuccessful candidate of the short-lived Greenback Party.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton enjoyed a lifespan of 95 years, to outlive all the other signers of the Declaration of Independence, and most of the founding fathers of America besides.

There was no secret for their longevity. They were men who lived temperately and wisely. All of them had faith in the abundant life; faith in the knowledge that it is only by keeping busy with the tasks at hand that life can be lived to the fullest.

Everyone wants to be wanted, to feel that he has a secure place somewhere in this big world of ours, where he will receive recognition for his efforts, faltering though they be. Here, an able writer tells how we can help our children develop that sense of belonging

Your Child Wants to BELONG

By Annie Laurie Von Tungeln



These children are participating in a "Children's Church Program," held in an Atlanta, Georgia, church chapel during the regular worship hour. Designed for children from the first through the third grades in school, the services are keyed to their age levels. The youngsters elect their own officers and conduct the services themselves. They are thus made to feel, at an early age, that they belong to the church and that the church belongs to them.

AT A PARTY a group of women were discussing the minor escapades in which they had taken part as children. One middle-aged woman related a terrifying experience she had undergone when she was ten or twelve years old. She was very eager to join a certain club composed of the girls whom she most liked and admired. However, the chief qualification for membership was to steal something,

and she had a horror, instilled by her parents, of taking anything that did not belong to her.

She worried for days before she finally reached a decision to commit some theft. Then, seeing her opportunity one day in a neighborhood grocery store, she tremblingly grabbed an apple and slipped off with it. The minute she stepped out, she said, her arms fell limp at her sides and a terrible weight seemed to oppress her. The apple tasted bitter, and for days she suffered torture—not only remorse and self-condemnation but the terrible fear that the police might apprehend her at any moment or that her family would find out about what, in her distraught mind, now loomed as a heinous offense.

Although, according to the story, she never did enjoy that club to the fullest extent because of the painful price she paid for membership, she did have the consolation of knowing that she had made the grade—that she was being like the other girls. There was a certain glory that came from the mere fact of belonging which nothing could take away from her!

Every child needs to feel that he "belongs." Indeed, a feeling of belonging is one of the prime requisites to his happiness

The planter, April, sows her tears
 And, in some magic way,
 A wealth of fragrant bloom appears
 When comes the month of May.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

and welfare. Important as it is to an adult's self-respect to feel that he is an accepted member of a certain group or of society in general, it is even more important to children.

Two little nieces and their mother were visiting my sister. Since the mother was out for the evening, my sister and the six-year-old put the three-year-old to bed in the room which she was to occupy alone until her mother returned. Then they kissed her good night, turned off the light and went to an adjoining room where they were going to sleep. Soon my sister thought she heard her small guest crying. She went in to investigate and found the child with her head covered, crying.

"What is the matter, Amanda?" she asked.

"I'm afraid of this dark," the child sobbed, "but I wouldn't be afraid of that dark in there with you and Penney."

Young as she was, the child felt left out of the sociability and fellowship the two were enjoying! When allowed to go into the room with them, she stopped crying at once and soon fell into peaceful sleep because she had been reassured that she was wanted.

WHAT can adults do to help give a child the feeling that he belongs?

First, and perhaps most important, help the child find and maintain a role of his own in the home. He rightfully longs for a place in the family activities, plans and policies—a place which changes as he grows older, to keep pace with his changing interests and abilities. He can be made conscious of his role in the family even when

he is very young by being permitted to do certain small tasks, such as bringing in the newspaper; by being supplied means for entertainment comparable to those of adults, as, for instance, his own books; and by being allowed some space of his own. If it is not convenient for him to have an entire room, he should, at least, have a shelf or a bit of space in some cupboard or closet for his toys which he may call his "very own," and a few low hooks on which to hang his clothes.

Second, provide him with an opportunity to develop some special talent. Music or art lessons or, for that matter, almost any activity which teaches a youngster to do something creative and interests him keenly, strengthens his feeling of belonging. Sometimes the child who acts the most nonchalant, strutting about with an air of braggadocio, is really trying to cover pride and sensitiveness. Learning to do something so well that he can demonstrate his skill, or even "show off" a bit in a constructive way, helps make him feel a part of the group and lessens the necessity he feels to swagger in order to be noticed. Closely connected with giving the child an opportunity to explore his interests and develop his particular skills is helping him to find a worthy goal toward which he may direct his activities.

Third, appreciate things he has done well. This does not mean that he should be praised for shoddy effort either at home or at school. Children quickly sense insincerity in praise—it can bring them little joy unless they have a feeling of accomplishment to go with it. Our task is to help them find something they can do well

enough to *deserve* praise. Sometimes merely being recognized pleasantly contributes to the child's feeling of being wanted.

A teacher who gives a weak or shy student an opportunity to take part in the class discussion if ever he raises his hand even hesitatingly or in any way shows the slightest inclination to participate, is helping him feel a part of the group. Recognition of his efforts, no matter how faltering, gives him a boost, for it helps to expand his ego, which is often what the shy child most needs.

Both parents and teachers need to be keenly aware that guiding a child into classes and activities at school which suit his mental ability, talents and needs, is most important in giving him a sense of belonging. How, for instance, can a high school girl who thinks slowly in academic subjects feel altogether comfortable if she must stumble through a trigonometry or Vergil class when she is longing to study foods, clothing, or home nursing in which she could, perhaps, do good work? On the other hand, if the height of a boy's desire is to paint beautiful pictures, play the piano or sing in the cappella choir, he may feel frustrated or even rejected if he is forced to spend the major part of his time in woods, metals or auto mechanics.

Parents can cooperate with teachers to give children a sense of belonging at school by showing an interest in their activities. It gives youngsters a feeling of confidence to know that Mother and Dad are watching with interest and sharing vicariously in their accomplishments when they perform at school or Sunday church school. On the other hand, they may feel let down or cheated if their parents never attend the events such as P.T.A. or Scouts and Brownie visiting nights to which they are invited.

This matter of belonging is so important to a child's happiness now and to his eventual social adjustment as an adult that parents and teachers cannot afford to pass by any opportunity to help him find and maintain a secure place in his family and school and in the world about him.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TIMMINS

Deborah Is Promoted

A STORY BY DOROTHEA CULKIN SMOTHERS

DEBORAH opened the cloakroom door facing the eight rows of double desks of the fifth- and sixth-grade room and, with eyes dry and teeth shut tight, walked across the room to her front seat in the fourth row, fol-

lowed by Miss Minnie. She had been spanked. It hadn't hurt very much, for, although the early March day was warm and windy, she was still wearing long underwear, muslin panties, sateen petticoat, box-pleated plaid wool dress,

and pinafore. It wouldn't have made any difference if it had hurt. The hard thing was not knowing why, and the horrible disgrace of being spanked.

Girls were sometimes sent to stand in the cloakroom or kept

after school, but never spanked. Perhaps very little girls, or boys, in the first grade might be turned over the teacher's knee and spanked in front of everyone if they were very naughty, and big, tough boys in the upper grades were sent to the superintendent's office and whipped with a strap by Mr. McCandless, but no one had ever heard of a girl in the fifth grade being spanked in the cloak-room.

long study period stretching before her until dismissal time.

THE SIXTH grade was reciting history. She had reached into her desk for her history book, thinking she would read what they were reciting. But almost at once she had remembered that her history book was at home. The fifth grade only went up to the French and Indian War. They had finished the assignment for the year a

ornate Roman numerals with her pale, washed-out blue eyes. She, too, was anxious for the warm March day to come to an end, to release the hot, fidgety children.

DEBORAH had sat in her place, hand upraised, elbow propped on the desk behind her. Surely Miss Minnie must see her hand. Finally she came, moving very slowly down the aisle from the back of the room, eyes on the sixth-grader who stood to answer a question. As her full serge skirt swept Deborah's shoulder, Deborah tilted her chin up to whisper: "Please, Miss Minnie, may I have permission to speak?"

Miss Minnie looked straight at her as she turned to pass down the next aisle. She didn't smile and nod as she usually did. Her blue eyes looked a little bit dull and sick, but she must have heard and she certainly had not said, "No." Still, thought Deborah, it might be better not to tiptoe down the aisle to speak; it probably would be better to send a note. Of course, writing notes was forbidden, but everybody did it once in a while, especially during study period.

So she wrote in her careful round script, "Please, Wilburn, may I borrow your American History?" and passed it over her shoulder to the girl behind.

She didn't look around to follow the progress or receipt of the note. But she heard the inkwell rattle as Wilburn pulled the book from his crowded desk. Then she heard him whisper, "Gladys," as he passed it across the aisle; and she dangled her right hand carelessly over the ledge of the desk behind to receive it.

It had never occurred to her to keep a wary eye for the whereabouts of Miss Minnie. Traffic such as this was quite the usual thing. She opened the book to the pages describing the War Between the States and settled down happily to read.

Suddenly, the room was very still, the recitation stopped, and the aisle beside her was filled with the chalk-dusted blue serge skirt of Miss Minnie. Deborah raised her eyes questioningly to en-



It had never occurred to Deborah to keep a wary eye for the whereabouts of Miss Minnie.

Of course Deborah hadn't cried. If you had grown up in a part of town where you were the only girl, and you had fought for years to prove that you were as good as any boy—as good as Cleo and John and Hatfield and Lloyd who were sitting behind you over on the sixth-grade side, and Mike and Wilburn on the fifth-grade side—you didn't cry whether the hurt was inside or outside, not even when you got home, in the house.

So Deborah sat up straight in her seat, hands clasped tight in "position" on the desk before her, with Miss Minnie's command, "You will remain after school," echoing in her ears. She stared ahead at the blackboard where tomorrow's homework, ten problems in long division, faced her tauntingly.

They were partly the cause of her present trouble. They had been too easy. She had copied them carefully, working each one swiftly as she copied. They had all come out even, and she was through in no time at all, with a

couple of weeks ago, and she had taken her book home. But perhaps Gladys hadn't, or Lorna, or Wilburn.

Miss Minnie had left her desk and had been walking up and down the aisles of the fifth-grade side while she heard the sixth recite. She wasn't really an old maid schoolteacher so far as years went, but she was probably destined to be one. She was the not-so-pretty younger daughter who would remain at home to take care of Pa and Ma. Her yellow hair had a hard, pulled, molasses-taffy look, not a softness or fluffiness or curl anywhere about it, even when it had just been washed. A few vagrant wisps escaped from the yellow side combs supporting the heavy knot on top of her head, to droop over her high-stayed collar. She closed the history book, with forefinger left in it to mark the place. Then, unsnapping the cover of the little gold watch pinned with a fleur-de-lis clasp onto the tucked bosom of her gray challis shirtwaist, she peered at the small,

counter the round, usually kind face of her beloved teacher, now flushed and angry beyond imagining. She pulled Deborah from her seat, and pushed her stumbling across the front of the room toward the cloakroom. Then she opened the door and shoved her through, closing the door behind them.

It was dark and bad smelling in the cloakroom. Without saying a word but breathing very hard, Miss Minnie tried in a clumsy way to turn her across her knee. Deborah stiffened, turned to the wall, and grasping an empty iron coat hook in either hand, wedged her face between them. Miss Minnie spanked with heavy dull blows that could be heard, and counted, in the fifth- and sixth-grade room. Then she released her, and Deborah walked out of the black cloakroom to face her peers. A blue bow fell from the end of one of her fraying pigtails as she stood framed in the doorway. She stooped and picked it up, put it in her pinafore pocket, and walked firmly to her front row seat, followed by Miss Minnie.

THE ROOM was terribly still. The big clock said six minutes until dismissal time. Deborah gripped her hands until the knuckles ached. Finally the minute hand moved two spaces. Miss Minnie said, "Pack your books, erase the boards"; and everything was noisy and busy again. At long last, the bell rang. Miss Minnie said, "Class rise," and "Ranks file." She followed the students out into the hall.

Now at last Deborah could hide her face. Her hot little forehead found rest on her arms on the desk top. She could shut her eyes now and not have to stare hard at the ink blot on her finger, or the scrap of ruled paper on the oiled floor, as she had been doing for the past century of six minutes. She could even cry now, if she was very careful. But no tears came—only the hard, insistent, *Why, why, why?*

After a long, long time Miss Minnie returned and sat at her desk. The janitor came, sprinkled the clean-smelling sawdust over

the dark board floor, swept it up again, emptied the baskets, and went away. Deborah's head remained down on the yellow varnished desk top. There would be a long time to wait. Staying in after school always meant at least half an hour. It didn't matter anyhow, for Mamma was at her sewing club today and wouldn't know that she had come home late.

Finally the summons came.

"Deborah, come here." And she stood, eyes lowered, before Miss Minnie.

"I can't allow you to disobey me." Miss Minnie sounded very tired.

"But I didn't, Miss Minnie," Deborah protested. "I whispered to you, 'May I speak?' and you didn't answer me; so I wrote a

note. I thought maybe you didn't hear me."

"I did hear you and I said 'No.'" Miss Minnie looked down at her record book and rolled a pencil back and forth. "You may go now."

Deborah slipped the strap of her black oilcloth schoolbag over her shoulder and walked into the cloakroom. She took her bright red cape off the hook, fastened it around her neck, and reached for her roller skates hanging below. When she had begged permission to wear her new cape at noon, she had thought what fun it would be to come skating home down the long hills, with the red cape streaming out in the wind behind her.

(Continued on page 30.)

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



On Mother's Day

Dear Heavenly Father:

With this day set apart in honor of Mother, accept our thanks for all the memories the name evokes.

We are grateful, also, that the word makes us one regardless of race or creed. Even lullabies sound alike in different languages, and there is one universal mark for motherhood wherever we travel—the shining light of love for children.

From our common needs and hopes, help us build a world in which children of all races will be free to enjoy the blessings of peace bestowed by the God of creation—a world in which we may all share the marks of motherhood through our concern for God's needy children everywhere.

Let motherhood never be perverted into a selfish demand for affection, but let it always be mindful of the example of the Mother who waited at the foot of the Cross. May we today take our stand there, mindful of the needs of others with whom we share this generation's tasks.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN



In
Memory
of
Sheila

by
Sheila's Pastor

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

These poems (if they deserve the name of such) were written in honor and memory of Sheila, a dear little girl who died when only four years of age from a severe blood disease. To rest her mother just a little, I often pushed Sheila in her wheel-chair along the hospital corridor. Always this child appreciated prayers. On one day when she was not very well at all, I taught her a prayer our own children have used. She often prayed it on the closing evenings of her life.

Because of the attachment which I felt for Sheila, I found something deeply beautiful in sorrow. As a result of it I have turned to a medium of expression I have not employed for years—a kind of poetry.

In Memory of Sheila

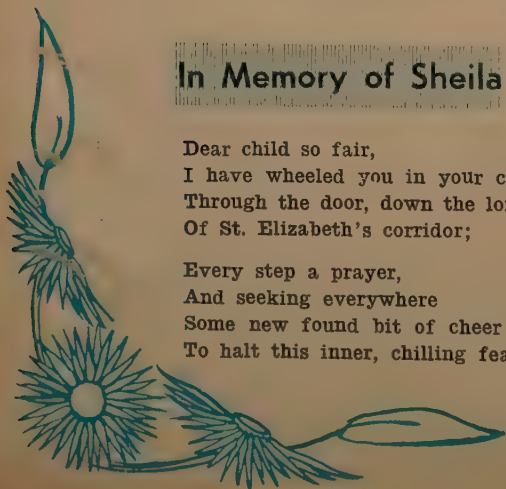
Dear child so fair,
I have wheeled you in your chair
Through the door, down the long floor
Of St. Elizabeth's corridor;

Every step a prayer,
And seeking everywhere
Some new found bit of cheer
To halt this inner, chilling fear.

Old folks met us with surprise,
But then, with recognition in their eyes,
They came to love to see her there,
This friendly child with golden hair.

Canaries sang their song
As we wheeled along;
These caught her ear and eye
As we passed by.

If in another clime,
A gentler, kinder time,
I should find her there,
Could I push her chair



Down the heavenly aisle,
And see the beauty of her smile?
So, moving on,
The sickness and the faintness gone.

But she will not need a chair;
She will be playing there
All day,
As here she could not play.
But sometimes she will pause with me
To see
Some picture on the wall
Of that long hall—
And we shall touch her hair,
More golden there.

To Sheila's Mother

Is this also motherhood, this pain:
To see this lovely flower fade,
For whom my body and my soul have prayed?

No grateful woman would complain,
When suffering is the door to birth
To bring her own dear child to earth.

But how can I endure this strain,
This bitter hurt—to see life go
From eyes so recently aglow?

If through that distant windowpane,
My eyes could see her glad with life,
It would subdue my doubt and strife.

I could be brave against this pain,
In patience learning as I wait
That joy is born through suffering's gate.

My heart receives a new refrain,
I listen to my God explain
That this hurt turns to gladness too,
And my child lives in Heaven's blue!

To Sheila's Father

A mother's sorrow is terribly intense at
the time, but her nearness at home and hos-
pital, painful as it is, later acts as a kind
of comfort; but a father, less present in the
critical hour, is denied that suffering which
turns to solace. Consequently, he finds slow
cure for the hurt that is his.

A father's grief is of different kind:
It magnifies inside
'Til, like a rising tide,
It threatens to engulf the mind.

So different from a woman's pain
Which takes relief in tears,
His are twisted doubts and fears,
Hidden inner strain.

Yet his is equal shock of heart
His love is also purest good
His kindness all it should—
His, too, a caring parent's part.

* * * * *

Think! God once lost his child
Upon a cross, his very own;
For all who came to grief alone
He calms their sufferings wild.

His son found life at dawn.
This can be true for her,
The Resurrection will occur—
So in faith walk bravely on.

Plant hours of patience in each day
With faithfulness in work and deed;
Trust your God to meet your need—
Choose to walk that stronger way!

Unopened Rosebud

Among the flowers for Sheila was a rosebud
unopened: I took it and placed it in water, but
it never opened. . . . Was this, too, a symbol?

O tiny rosebud which never will unfold,
But forever deep within your secret hold,
Your petals fastened close and tight,
Never opening to rejoice in light.

The sun did greet you,
The rains did meet you,
The winds touched you delicately,
Wanting you free.

As I watch you, little flower,
I resist the unkindly hour
That has so harshly frowned,
And kept your beauty tightly bound.

Would you break the gloom,
And share your sweet perfume,
Find room,
Start living gladly,
Sweetly and happily?

If love could your petals pry,
Help you open to your sky
And make you free,
Then take this love from me,
And more and more of it each day
Till from your prison you break away.

But there will be a place,
Where Heaven's fields will give you space,
And gently pull
Your petals open, full.
Then your beauty God designed
Will its own perfection find.

(Continued on page 30.)

PHIL was a bit embarrassed during the cabin devotions his first night at Junior Citizens Camp. It was a new experience for him to hear the Bible read—and especially in language he could understand from a modern translation. The cabin leader seemed so easy and matter-of-fact about it. Then, the leader suggested that each boy, as he lay in his bunk, might want to offer a sentence prayer. The lights were turned out and every boy muttered his prayer, even though a bit awkwardly and timidly. Then it was Phil's turn. He was glad it was dark and none of the fellows could see him. His voice came clear and distinct: "Thank you God . . . for the stars that we don't have to hunt for in order to find 'em out here at camp!"

The cabin leader was quick to start the conversation at the point of Phil's prayer. He knew about Phil's home in a community across the tracks, down the alley, and up three flights of dirty, insect-infested stairs. The air was never clean and clear as it was at camp. No wonder Phil marvelled that he didn't have to hunt for the stars! No smells of the meat-packing plant here! No smoke and acid fumes from industrial plants all around the crowded neighborhood! Nothing but clear, invigorating air, friendly pine trees and wide open spaces! The leader began explaining that God had made all the world beautiful and clear and clean, but men who were greedy to get rich without caring what their greedy actions did to people, had marred it and made it dirty and smelly and ugly and crowded.

The boys recited their experiences in their various neighborhoods. Bill said: "Over where I live, a lot of the kids have to get up early in the morning so their dads can have the beds they slept in at night. Their dads come home early in the morning from the night shift. They don't have enough beds for everybody."

Mike described his community: "Over where I come from, the flats are too small for the families. No room for a dining-room table. Everybody just grabs a handful of food and goes outside on the side-

Christian camping under Christian sponsorship and with a Christian purpose should produce deep-seated changes in youthful, underprivileged campers. How great those changes may be is shown in this true-experience story

Thank You

for th

walk and eats as he plays or walks along. I ain't never set at a table like we do as a cabin family here at camp! Gee, that's great!"

Phil joined in: "We don't pray at our home like we do here at camp. I've been thinkin': I'm gona go home at the end of camp and ask my mom if we can't all take turns doing it like they do at camp. It's a good idea to tell God ya like him!"

As the days of camp came and went, the boys became better acquainted and were more free to share their experiences with one another. Phil looked forward to the lights-out time in his cabin with the leader and other fellows. They talked far into the night about many subjects. They replayed the day's baseball game; laughed over the jokes that had been cracked during craft period by the craft leader. They asked their cabin leader about some of the points in the evening vesper service led by the camp chaplain. Phil liked the chaplain: he acted as if he and God knew one another pretty well! It was grand to be near someone who was a real close friend of God! As Phil lay in the dark and listened to the talk round about him, there came over him a sense of *belonging* to a family—a sense he had never felt before in his life. He was a very important part.

Not only was he a valuable member of the baseball team—playing shortstop, but he was definitely a part of his cabin family when it came to doing their bit on Talent

Night. Phil did imitations of famous radio comedians and caused the camp to howl, "More! More!" as he came back for an encore.

Here at camp the fellows seemed to want him along. He was somebody! When he dived and hurt his shoulder on a rock in the swimming hole, all in the cabin group were very sympathetic and helped him up to the shower and went along to the camp nurse for first aid. They rode along into town to see the doctor at the clinic take the X-ray to be sure everything was O.K. At home nobody cared. They laughed at his clumsiness if he got hurt. They told him to be quiet when he did his imitations. He was always being pushed around by the big bullies when he wanted to play shortstop on the team on the vacant lot. His dad never seemed to be home much to buddy with him like the cabin leader. When he *was* there, he was tired and cross. The kids were always in his way, it seemed.

Phil learned to make several valuable items in the craft classes. He decided to hide them at home until Christmas. He'd surprise Mom and his older sister with them. "Wonder if I couldn't rig me up

By CLIFFORD G. HANSEN

*Director of Public Relations
for the American Baptist
Home Mission Society*

the other kids in our house to do it, too."

The shower bath intrigued Phil. He worked it overtime, shampooing his hair daily and a bath twice a day. Teeth were scrubbed gleaming white. No one had to prompt him. Why shouldn't he keep clean and neat, his cabin leader did! All the other fellows did!

At the table the fellows waited for the food to be passed; they were careful not to take more than their share. Their leader encouraged them to eat mannerly and not gorge their food down as if they were going to a fire! Phil took it all in! "Wonder what Pop will say when he sees I don't grab for things and fight for it like I did before I came to camp!"

Toward the end of camp, the chaplain began talking in his evening messages about "deciding what we will do with our lives." He pointed out that everyone decides for himself; no one can do it

for him. Phil listened intently as he described Jesus and the new kind of life he demonstrated while he lived on earth. Something about the courage of Jesus challenged Phil. He asked his leader several questions—when they were out walking alone in the woods—talking things over man to man. Phil couldn't quite get over the fact that Jesus cared for him, *Phil!* Finally he blurted out as they walked down the path: "That's for me! I'm gonna sign that paper you gave us. I'll find the church school in my neighborhood. I'm gonna start! Maybe next Easter, I might get into the pastor's instruction class, like you say I should. I've heard about all this stuff before, but it never was real before! Out here all the fellows live it. You make God seem so real! Gee! All of camp makes him real!"

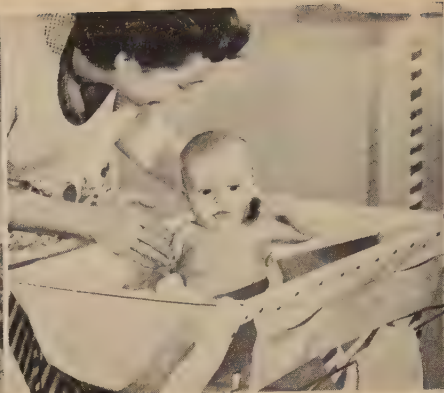
We visited in Phil's home a few months later. He had truly been
(Continued on page 24.)

a place in the back shed and make things around home—just like we do here at camp," he mused on another night after lights out. "Mom has been sayin' if I didn't quite runnin' with the gang so much—I'll be gettin' into trouble some of these days."

The boys in Phil's cabin received the trophy for having the neatest and cleanest cabin on the second day of camp. Phil was proud. He challenged the fellows that night: "What do ya say, Gang, let's take it every day! Let's show 'em how clean we can be! I'll bet God has a clean cabin, too!" His cabin did receive the award several days in succession. Phil was always the pace-setter in the clean-up effort. He appreciated a place to live where there were no bugs; where he had a place of his own to hang his clothes in orderly fashion. He decided: "I'm gonna go home and hang my clothes up every night just like I do here at camp. Maybe I can get

"I've heard about all this stuff before, but it never was real before! Out here all the fellows live it. You make God seem so real! Gee! All of camp makes him real!"





HOME MOVIES

*Here's good news for all who
can afford the equipment—
talking movies that can be
made and shown at home*

HOME MOVIES often seem disturbingly silent to a public accustomed to Hollywood productions. The lack of an inexpensive method of adding sound to film has been the biggest single stumbling block preventing amateurs from making films which compare favorably with professional productions.

Two recent developments in the photographic field have now made it possible for anyone to turn out a "professionally" appearing sound film at an extremely low cost: first, the invention of a method of recording sound magnetically directly on film by Marvin Camras of the Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology, and, second, the introduction of a magnetic recording projector by the Bell and Howell Company.

Recording with the new projector is as simple as using a magnetic tape recorder, the principal difference being that the sound is put on the film itself. Voice and music are added as the film is projected on the screen. No experience is necessary to record, and if the narrator misses a line, he can erase all or any part of his commentary and record it again, as with a tape recorder. There

is no limit to the number of times a sound track may be erased and a new one recorded.

Magnetic sound-on-film brings home movies to life and helps the film to tell a story. It also eliminates much costly titling, and ties the film together. Movies of children with their own voices on the sound track make a priceless "family album."

For those who already have conventional sound films, there is a new way to make them more versatile. A method of striping such films with magnetic material in such a way that the original sound track is preserved has been developed. Thus, two different commentaries can exist side by side on the same film.

The new unit with projector, amplifier, speaker and microphone is contained in a single case. It requires no special equipment—no soundproof room to make recordings. An inexperienced person can learn how to mix voice and background music in a matter of minutes.

To record a magnetic sound track on film, the home movie-maker, businessman, teacher, clergyman or hospital administrator first sends his 16 mm. film to have a magnetic *soundstripe* added to the edge. He then threads the film in the magnetic recording projector, plugs in the microphone and starts the machine. As the picture is projected on the screen, he speaks into the microphone that comes with the projector, using a musical background if desired. When he is finished, he flips two switches

Recording the voices of America at home.—Left: Mother takes her turn at the mike. Center: Baby coos, gurgles and cries in a true-to-life record of his development. Right: Daddy captures the eager, chattering voice of his vivacious daughter.

for an immediate playback of what he has just recorded. If he has made an error or missed a line, it is a simple matter to reverse the machine beyond the point of the error and re-record. The old track is automatically erased as he proceeds with the new recording.

The machine is almost foolproof. An automatic safety interlock prevents the accidental erasure of the sound track. A recorded track can be projected over and over again, and it will last as long as the film itself, or until it is erased.

With the new unit, voice and musical background can be added to movies for 3½¢ a film foot, the cost of striping magnetic material on the film edge, contrasted to the cost of \$1.00 per foot for adding sound conventionally.

Schools and churches will also find broad uses for magnetic sound. Old sound-film libraries can be brought up to date with new magnetic tracks. A single religious film can have its magnetic track changed as many times as there are denominations to listen to it.

Called the greatest single advance in the art of motion picture projection since the advent of 16 mm. sound-on-film in 1932, the new technique of recording sound magnetically will probably start home movies "talking" all over the world.

RESOURCES FOR WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for May: THANK YOU, GOD

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Even at three years of age, your child is not too young to begin to have a feeling of thankfulness for parents, friends and the community helpers he sees or meets.

Parents need to help young children put into words their feeling of gladness which comes through happy experiences. When Mother has prepared something good to eat, Father might say, "Yes, this is good. We are glad for Mother."

When Father fixes a broken toy or takes the family for a nice drive, Mother might say, "Yes, Daddy fixed your toy for you. We are glad for Daddy." Or, "That was a nice drive. We are glad for Daddy."

After a while your child may begin to connect some of his happy times with the care and love that Mother and Daddy give him and he will say, "I am glad for Mother" and "I am glad for Daddy."

Your three-year-old still likes most to play by himself, rather than in a group of children. Yet, he may begin to play some with

one or two other children. When he has a happy time with another child, you will want to say, "We are glad for friends. Thank you, God."

Your child possibly has only a few contacts with persons outside your home. Yet his world is ever widening. He will probably show interest in community helpers such as the milkman, postman, bus driver, or policeman. Whenever he sees or questions about one of these helpers, he is ready to learn something of what that person does to help him. As he enjoys drinking the milk the milkman has brought, Mother or Father may say, "We are glad for the milkman. We are glad for good, cool milk. Thank you, God."

If your child brings home the leaflets *Home Guidance in Religion*, Nos. 33 and 34, read the stories, "A Picnic at Home" and "How Billy Got His Lunch." You may also want to use this verse:

Work and play can both be fun
When they're shared by everyone.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR PARENTS

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

A Promise

I'm glad God sends the silvery moon,
And cool refreshing rain;
I'm thankful for the singing birds
And for the golden grain.

For parents, church and playmates, too.
God is so good to me
I'll always try to be, myself,
As good as I can be.

—WINONA MACMULLAN

Story: "Fun In Our Garden," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 32.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for mothers and fathers.
We are glad you planned for families. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR FRIENDS

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

I Thank You, God

I thank you, God, for loving care,
For food, and friends, and fun;
I thank you for the earth and air,
And for the shining sun.

I thank you for my eyes to see,
For time to work and play;
I thank you for each flower and tree
That grows along my way.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Stories from My Bible Leaflet: "When Norman Was Sick," No. 31; "When Jesus Needed a Boat," No. 33; "Ruth Finds New Friends," No. 83; "Friends Help Each Other," No. 84.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for friends. Help me to find ways to show them love. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR TEACHERS

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

A Schoolltime Prayer

Dear Father, we thank You
For our school today;
And for friendly teachers
In our work and play.*

—ELIZABETH CUSHING TAYLOR

Prayer: Thank you, God, for teachers, who help us in our work and play. They help us know good things to do. We are glad they are our friends. Amen.

*From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*, The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR HELPERS

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

The Song of the Friendly Helpers

God, our loving Father,
I'm glad as I can be
For the friendly milkman,
Who works so hard for me.

God, our loving Father,
I'm glad as I can be
For the busy farmer,
Who works so hard for me.*

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

Prayer: Thank you, God, for helpers. Amen.

*Copyright, 1928. Elizabeth S. Whitehouse. Used by permission.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR PARENTS

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."—John 13:34.

Thank You, God!

I thank you, God, for each bright day,
For hours spent at work and play,
For shadows and for sunshine gay—
I thank you, God!

I thank you, God, for food to eat,
For flowers with their perfume sweet,
For friends who make my joy complete—
I thank you, God!

I thank you, God, for parents dear,
For changing seasons year by year,
For all that fills my life with cheer—
I thank you, God!

—PEARL NEILSON

Prayer: Thank you, God, for parents. Help me to do my part to make our home a happy one. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR FRIENDS

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

When I Say Thank You

When I say a "Thank You"
For food that God sends,
I try to remember
To pray for my friends.

Some children are hungry
Today, with no bread,
While many good things
On my table are spread.

I ask God to help them;
But I, too, can share
The blessings He gives
With friends everywhere.

—MARJORIE ALLEN ANDERSON

Prayer: Thank you, God, for friends. Help me to find ways to share and show my love to them. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR TEACHERS

Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and in truth.—1 John 3:18.

We Thank Thee, Father, for Our School

We thank Thee, Father, for our school,
For study, work, and play;
For teacher friends who live with us
As comrades day by day.
O may we always do our best,
Be fair and kind in fun;
When school is over, send us home
With all our work well done.*

—CALVIN W. LAUFER

Prayer: Thank you, God, for teachers, who help us learn about your wonderful world. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR HELPERS

Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and in truth.—1 John 3:18.

We Thank You, God, for the Food We Eat

We thank You, God, for the food we eat,
For good fresh vegetables, fruits and meat,
For pure sweet milk and fresh white bread,
For all the food by which we're fed,
For farmers who work in dairies and fields,
For all the riches the good earth yields,
For trainmen and truckmen who carry it far
Bringing it to us right where we are,
For grocers and milkmen who come to our door,
For bakers and butchers who work in the store.
Help us with others Your bounty to share
So all in the world may know Your loving care.*

Prayer: Thank you, God, for helpers. Amen.

*From *Primary Music and Worship*. Copyright, 1930, by The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

*From *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls*. Copyright, the Connecticut Council of Churches. Used by permission.



What Teeners Think of Their Parents

DO YOU sometimes wonder what your teen-age son or daughter actually thinks about you as a parent? Are you pretty sure that he appreciates your sterling qualities and fine abilities as a provider or a housekeeper, and your extra talents in other fields? Or are you frequently on the receiving end of those cutting remarks all too familiar in any household which includes teeners? Do you wonder if being a parent is really worth all the trouble?

We can't tell you exactly what your particular teener thinks of you. Probably nobody can, for teeners are apt to change their opinions almost as frequently as they change their socks and blue jeans. But we can tell you what a representative cross section of high school students thinks of their parents, for just such a survey was made by the *Chicago Daily News*.

About 1400 students attending five high schools in different types of neighborhoods filled out questionnaires distributed by the newspaper in cooperation with the Board of Education. They were assured that their replies would be considered confidential, and were urged to speak honestly. They answered a lot of questions, about dating, schoolwork, their plans for the future, and about

what they think of their parents.

First of all, one-fifth of these boys and girls think their parents are just about all right, both as individuals and as parents raising a family. The rest had some "suggestions." They are not especially kind to adults in general, either, for 50 per cent of them have adverse comments to make about how

adults are too old-fashioned or that they act juvenile. The third complaint is a pretty serious one, however, especially for parents to face. The young people, particularly the girls, say that adults set a bad example for youth. In this connection, they checked these related items: Adults don't practice what they preach; they drink and smoke too much; they don't understand teeners.

When the students were asked to check what they considered were their adult friends' biggest mistakes, the results read this way: They smoke, drink, get divorces, and live too fast. They are too materialistic, worry, hurry, expect too much, don't know what they want, are self-centered, inconsistent, and jump to conclusions.

It would all seem to indicate that if you want an A-1 rating from your teener, you had better eliminate that old adage, "Do what I say, not what I do." Teeners are too smart for that!

More girls than boys think that many adults do not understand children; but they agree that grownups do not know that times have changed, and they forget their own youthful activities. That sounds familiar, doesn't it?

A smaller number of the young people also say that adults meddle



They maintain that adults are too old fashioned or that they act juvenile.

adults conduct themselves. Thirty per cent think adults "are mostly swell," while the rest remark sagely that there are "some good and some bad." And who could argue with that?

The survey shows that teeners have three main complaints about adults. The first two you've probably heard firsthand from your own children. They maintain that

n teeners' lives and are prejudiced against teeners. They complain, and many authorities back them up in this, that adults fall down on sex education. Only a few feel that adults are truly neglectful or don't rear their children properly.

Is your adult ego pretty much deflated by now? Cheer up, your personal rating as a parent may not be quite as bad! As stated before, one in five of the boys and girls think their parents are just fine. Of the other four, their complaints are frequently not too serious. They lead to family disagreements and unpleasantness, to be sure, but not major upheavals. Perhaps if you listen to them a bit, you may be able to smooth out some of the trouble spots.

The teeners say that parents won't let them grow up; they try to baby them too much. The boys emphasize this point more than the girls, but the latter complain that their parents are much too strict with them. This is, no doubt, the result of a centuries-old tradition that parents must protect daughters more carefully than sons, who are supposed to be better able to look after themselves.

A good proportion of the students answering the questionnaires protest that their parents worry too much. It isn't necessary at all, they say. Most parents will agree about the worrying part, but perhaps question the corollary.

When teeners checked off the parents' biggest mistakes, they gave high priority to these: "They meddle and pry; are old-fashioned; try to run my life; don't trust me; pay no attention to me; show favoritism; expect too much; can't agree."



When teeners checked off the parents' biggest mistakes, they gave priority to these: "They meddle and pry; . . ."

"But," you are probably wailing by now, "these kids aren't old enough to handle everything themselves. I want to spare them the pain of so many mistakes." It's true, of course. They aren't old enough. But they aren't young enough, either. Teens are actually betwixt and between. They aren't children, and they aren't adults. And a greater paradox you'll never find. One minute they may want you to make some simple decision for them, like what clothes to wear to a party. They want to try their wings in the big, beautiful world, but when they hit rough going, they need to come scuttling home again for encouragement.

It's not an easy situation to live with. It takes wisdom and patience, carloads of it, and a big, fat sense of humor. But don't be too discouraged, for these teen-agers who were interviewed know themselves that they aren't completely grown up yet.

They demand more privileges and less supervision, but they almost all admit that parents should set limits and stick to them, and that some parental strictness is needed as a curb on teen-agers' bad judgments and unwise enthusiasms.

Your own family probably will be a better adjusted household if you recognize a happy medium in your responsibilities and pursue them, pleasantly and firmly.

Homes where teen-agers live are often the site of sudden and violent outbursts. These outbursts are sometimes completely unreasonable and often the ultimate in tragedy to the teen-ager, temporarily at least. Recognize that your adolescent is growing both physically and emotionally, and at a very uneven rate. Many times,

he really can't manage either part of himself. He's not yet ready to handle all the situations in which he finds himself, and yet the only way in which he can learn, is to try.

These outbursts and arguments can be about many things. With the daughters, the survey shows that dating and friends are the cause of over a fourth of all of them. Then, in this order, are conduct and curfews, money, clothes and possessions, home duties and school homework.

Money causes the most home dis-

putes with the boys. And these tie for second place: conduct and curfew, school and homework, and the use of the car. Dating, friends and home duties take third place. Very much also-rans are clothes, politics and religion, sisters and brothers, jobs, hobbies and interests.

There's quite a long section in the questionnaire on the question of

dating and other social activities. These answers reveal some pretty startling statistics about the number of teen-agers who indulge in smoking, drinking, necking and the like. After the results were published, various adult experts were asked for their reactions to the survey. Their comments were reported by Miss Val Lauder, the teen-agers' columnist for the *Daily News*. One which might be of especial interest to parents is the remark made by Dr. Sophia Schroeder Sloman, superintendent Juvenile Relations Institute.

She admitted that she was surprised by the figures showing that so many youngsters of this age group say that they do their neck-

(Continued on page 27.)



He (or she) is not yet ready to handle all the situations in which he finds himself, and yet the only way in which he can learn is to try.

FLUFFY Fourpaws was a very unhappy kitten. It was Mother's Day, and Fluffy had no gift for her mother.

Fluffy had *so* wanted to get just the right gift for Mrs. Fourpaws, who was *such* a good mother, and *so* busy looking after all of Fluffy's brothers and sisters.

First, Fluffy had planned to knit her mother a pretty red hug-me-tight to wear on chilly days, like the one Molly Maltese had made for *her* mother. But Fluffy had not started soon enough, and then she dropped her yarn and it got all tangly.

Then, Fluffy had decided to get her mother a nice book, like the one Priscilla Purr had bought for *her* mother. But Fluffy lost her little blue purse, and now she had no money. She was so sad that she was almost ready to cry when she went into the living room where Grandfather Graycat was dozing by the fire.

"Well, Fluffy, what is the matter with you?" Grandfather Graycat asked, looking at Fluffy over his spectacles. His voice was sharp, but his eyes were so kind that Fluffy told him all about it. Grandfather Graycat looked thoughtful for a moment, and then he leaned over and whispered in Fluffy's ear:

"If you haven't a present for Mother, don't sigh.

You can give her a present that money won't buy!"

"Why, what do you mean, Grandfather Graycat?" Fluffy asked.

"Think it over," said Grandfather Graycat, wisely. "You'll figure out what I mean." Then he went back to dozing by the fire.

Fluffy went thoughtfully out to the kitchen where Mrs. Fourpaws was scurrying about, preparing breakfast for her children. The kittens were quarreling and spitting at each other, and making a perfectly dreadful racket. "Dear me, dear me," Mrs.

STORY

A gift

from

FLUFFY

By Helen Ramsey

Fourpaws sighed, as she tried to be in three different places at once. When she saw Fluffy she said:

"I'm going in circles, there's so much to do!

I fear with my work I will never get through!"

"I will help you, Mother," said Fluffy, slipping into an apron. "Let me give the children their breakfasts."

So Fluffy dished up the porridge into the blue bowls, and gave each one of her brothers and sisters a nice bowl of milk. She promised to tell them a story if they would be quiet, and since they all loved stories, they were as quiet as anything.

After breakfast, Fluffy dried the dishes, and swept the floor neatly. Then she helped her brothers and sisters to get dressed.

All day long, Fluffy helped Mrs. Fourpaws. She ran errands, dried dishes, and read to Grandfather Graycat. She looked after the children, told them stories, and took them for long walks. And Fluffy did not complain one bit, or tease to go when Molly Maltese and Priscilla Purr came by and invited her to go walking with them. She just kept smiling and was cheerful and goodnatured all day long. But she still felt sorry she had no present to give her mother, and she still wondered what Grandfather Graycat had meant that morning.

That evening, after the children had been put to bed, Fluffy told her mother how disappointed she was not to have given her a pretty red hug-me-tight, or a lovely new book, and Mrs. Fourpaws gave Fluffy a big hug.

"Why, Fluffy," she said, "you gave me the very best present of all. You have been kind and helpful all day long, and that's a present money won't buy."

"Oh," said Fluffy, in surprise. "Then *that's* what Grandfather Graycat meant," and she repeated his words:

"If you haven't a present for Mother, don't sigh.

You can give her a present that money won't buy!"

"Grandfather Graycat is very wise, isn't he, Mother?" said Fluffy.

WHICH ANIMAL?

Can you draw a little picture of a lamb, cow, mouse, horse, hen, wolf, cat or duck? Then draw a picture of each of these in its proper place below. When you have finished, turn the magazine upside down to find out whether you drew the animals in the right places.

1. The ugly -----
2. Mary had a little ----
3. Dick Whittington's ---
4. The --- with the crumpled horn
5. Red Riding Hood and the ----
6. Three blind ----
7. The little red ---
8. Ride a cock-----

Answers

1. duckling
2. lamb
3. cat
4. cow
5. wolf
6. hen
7. horse
8. mouse

—GREGORY SPOONER

JOEY

highest jumper of them all

By Mary Chisholm Sweetser

OF COURSE there was room for little Joey, the baby kangaroo, in his mother's pouch when he was born, for he was only one inch long! But today, no matter how he tried, he could not get comfortable. And no wonder! He had been growing fast in the four months he had been carried around by his mother. Now he was twenty inches long! And, as she told him, it was time he was out taking care of himself.

Joey jumped out and looked around. The world looked pretty good. Over on the downs by the white-wood trees the other young kangaroos were having their first lessons in wrestling. Joey watched with envy.

He tried his legs, but they were weak, so he only nibbled the grass close to him. Even that seemed too much effort, so he hopped back in again and tried to make more room for himself. It was no use! He would have to keep trying until he learned how to use his legs like the others.

He hopped out again, a sad little heap, waiting for his mother to pick him up. But she was cross.

How was he ever going to learn to jump if he did not keep at it? Just because he had fallen a few times did not mean it would always be like that. He would catch on after a while, and then it would be fun to go anywhere all by himself.

Joey tried once more. He made a wonderful discovery. He could balance with his tail when he turned around! Perhaps *that* was the secret! If he could only jump about like his mother he would be happy—and make her happy too.

Over by the gidyea trees the young kangaroos were still wrestling with each other. It excited Joey to watch them. He bounced up and down a few times trying to imitate them, pawing the air frantically. Soon he found that he left the ground easily, simply by pushing up with his hind feet and tail together. This was wonderful!

"You did it pretty well that time, Joey," his mother called from close by. "Watch me now!"



He sat back patiently as with her body bent forward, her hind legs held tightly together, she leaped high in the air, her big heavy tail swaying. She landed with a thud on the opposite side of the stream.

"Now see if you can do it!" she shouted over to him. "Fold your front legs up out of your way. Spring up. And over you'll go!"

Joey crouched down, then pushed. Up he bounced. But when he came down he was not on the other side of the stream beside his mother as he had hoped to be, but up to his neck in water, and she was leaning over the bank looking down on him. Dripping wet, he scrambled up out of the water and shook himself.

"You didn't push hard enough, that's all!" said his mother. "But don't get discouraged. That was only your first try. And the stream was wide. Your muscles will soon get used to jumping, and in no time at all it will be easy for you to jump across."

But Joey was discouraged. He slumped down in a little heap again and sighed. He was *never* going to learn. That was all there was to it! There must be

(Continued on page 27.)

Where Are You From?

Small children can play this game while you are out for a drive on the highway. Watch for and count the out-of-state license plates. The child who sees the most "foreign" cars, wins a small prize at the end of the trip.

JESSIE KENYON

STUDY GUIDE

on "We Plan Together for Family Worship"

By MARGARET S. WARD

Study Article, page

Preparation for the Meeting:

1. See that as many members of your parents' group as possible read the article before your meeting.

2. Ask each couple to come prepared to tell about their own plans for family worship, and to share a few of their most worth-while experiences in family devotions.

3. Ask each parent who can to bring to the meeting a Bible leaflet or reading book, or whatever pupil's material your church school provides for the children and youth in their families.

A Program for the Meeting:

1. A report on the article by the leader or some other interested parent.

2. A period for general discussion, using the questions suggested below which seem most pertinent to the problems and interests of your group.

3. An examination of church school materials with a view to discovering how these can be used in family worship.

4. A moment of closing worship.

Questions for General Discussion:

1. Do you agree with the author's point of view, namely, that family worship could be richer in many more homes than it is today, if there was more sharing of devotional responsibilities?

2. If you are going to start family worship, will you talk it through in family council first? Why? What problems might arise if there was no agreement on plans for family worship?

3. What patterns for family worship do you follow? How are these decided? How have you changed them to take into account the growing interests and needs of your family?

4. How have you helped pre-school children to take part in your family worship? Do you regard the church school materials as a rich source? Have you ever asked your child's church school teacher how to use Bible verses, songs, stories, pictures and prayers in family worship?

5. In what ways can you increase primary children's responsibilities in the family devotional periods? Have your children ever tried to read from the Bible? Most Bibles are written in too fine a print. Have you ever thought of buying a Bible in large print for your children to use at home? What have been your child's feelings when he realized that he could find a Bible story or psalm and read it for the family's enjoyment? Have you ever helped your child plan a simple service for the

family? Have you ever co-operated by using a service suggested by his church school teacher? Is your child learning to play a musical instrument? Does he have a Christian teacher who makes it possible for him to play simple arrangements of hymns or other inspirational music? How can you use your child's musical talent to enrich your family worship?

6. In what ways have you given responsibility to juniors in your home? Have you ever tried using *The Secret Place*? With what success? What other materials have you used? How often do your juniors help with the plans or lead the family in worship? In what ways have you seen them grow spiritually because they have taken greater responsibility? Would you say that this training is going to help them lead worship in church when they are older?

7. Do teen-agers need family worship as much as the younger children? Why? How have you brought variety into family worship to interest these older youth?

8. What has been your own part as adults in the family worship plan? Can you share some experience in which you have helped to enrich your family's worship because of your wider knowledge?

For Further Reference:

The Family Worship Together, by Mazelle Wildes Thomas. Pilgrim Press, Chicago, 1949.

Let Us Give Thanks: a File of Family Prayers and Graces. Pilgrim Press, Chicago.

Leaflets: Christian Worship in the Family; Family Worship with Young Children; Planning Together in Family Council.

The Secret Place. A monthly family devotional guide.

Hearthstone. (Note especially the center pages containing worship resources to use with young children.)

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books on crafts secured from the library. A gift for mother or a spring-time gift for a friend might be made.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games, such as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, are very helpful in planning for appropriate and enjoyable recreation.

ere, a topnotch editorial writer and reporter, with half century of experience, gives his definition of a Christian; his evaluation of the moral and religious character of newspapermen; his choice of a patron saint

The Christian in Journalism



By James E. Craig

Began as printer's apprentice; student, U. of Missouri, 1901-5; reporter and editorial writer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 1911-18; editor, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 1918; managing editor, Brownsville (Texas) Herald, 1920; city editor and dramatic critic, N. Y. Evening Mail, 1921-24; editorial writer, N. Y. Sun, 1925-43; editor of the editorial page, N. Y. Sun, 1943-1950; now retired. Trustee of the Park Avenue Christian Church, N. Y. City.

WHEN the question was first propounded to me, "Can a man be a Christian and, at the same time, a journalist?" I was reminded of a series of comic drawings by my good friend Rube Goldberg. Each was labeled, "Foolish Question No. So-and-so." It had to do with an interrogatory, the answer to which was obvious. So it seemed to me that to ask whether a man could be at the same time a Christian and a journalist was almost like asking whether a man could be at the same time a Christian and a piano-tuner.

Upon mature reflection, however, I begin to understand why to many serious-minded folk the terms should seem mutually exclusive. Part of the confusion rises out of lurid stories and plays which give entirely erroneous conceptions of the sober and serious business of newspaper-making. So very, very much depends upon the basic definitions. If by the general term "Christian" is meant a deep and wholly absorbing piety, then it becomes evident that not much is left for that vast intellectual curiosity about the everyday worldly concerns of people and events which is the hallmark of journalistic talent.

Perhaps I should begin by stating a couple of definitions of my own. To me, a Christian is one who devoutly believes in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, who accepts the standards of belief and conduct laid down in the New Testament, who tries his best to make his own conduct conform to the prescriptions therein outlined, who trusts implicitly in the love and goodness of God, who loves his fellow-

men, and who is truly penitent over his own shortcomings and failures. I see no reason why such a Christian cannot follow any honorable secular calling, including that of journalism, for so long as it shall involve no compromise with his Christian convictions.

It is not quite so easy to define "journalist" and "journalism." I belong to an old-fashioned school in which these terms were regarded as high-flown and bombastic. We preferred "newspaperman" and "newspaper work." Modern schools of journalism have done much to change all that. We have "journalists" today who never covered police court or sat on the rim of a copy-desk.

I had been a reporter for six or seven years before the oldest of our present colleges of journalism was established at the University of Missouri in 1908. In the days of my cubship, only a few of our editorial staff were college graduates. Most of our best men had worked their way up from office boys or printers' apprentices to reporters, copyreaders, rewrite men and editors. Many of the good ones came from small-town dailies and weeklies. It was a hard, rough road, but it usually eliminated the misfits—the lazy, the incompetent, the free-loaders, the venal, and the dishonest. I don't recall that to get a job anybody had to present a certificate from his pastor or his Sunday church school teacher, but I do know that nobody seriously suspected of moral turpitude or fakery or bribe-taking could long keep his job on any respectable newspaper.

Not many newspapermen of fifty years ago were particularly noted for piety, but there were good churchgoing men among us. None of us suffered on that account. I myself have been at least a nominal church member throughout my entire journalistic life. For many years I taught classes in Sunday church school and I have known other reporters and editors who did the same. Among my colleagues some of

the best Christians I have known have been Roman Catholics. I have in mind one man who for twenty-five years to my knowledge held down one of the toughest afternoon city desks in America. I am told that he went to mass every morning and that he regularly observed all the Holy Days of Obligation.

One of my colleagues on the editorial page of the late, lamented New York *Sun* was a deacon in a Congregational church in Brooklyn. A second was a pillar of a community church in a suburb of New York City. A third was a faithful member of a Protestant Episcopal congregation. Our managing editor was an Episcopalian. Our general manager was a trustee of one of the city's most important Jewish temples. One of the ablest journalists I know *today* is a co-member with me of the Park Avenue Christian Church.

Are such as these Christians? Are they journalists? Let readers apply their own definitions. All I can say out of half a century of experience is that it is just about as hard to be a good journalist as to be a good Christian. I know, and have known, many men who have been both.

If newspapermen were called upon to choose a patron saint, I should certainly place in nomination the author of the Third Gospel. St. Luke was the first great journalist with whose written work I became familiar.



Puzzlers...

DOUBLE WORD-PYRAMID

By Adelyn Jackson Richards

Double word-pyramiding is lots of fun!

Here's how it's done: Given the word, build both up and down to a single letter, by dropping any one letter each time and using the remaining letters in any order to form a new word. The same word cannot be used both above and below the given word.

Now, let's see what you can do with the word *mother*:

—	E
— —	H E
— — —	H E R
— — — —	H E R O
— — — — —	O T H E R
M O T H E R	M O T H E R
— — — — —	H O M E R
— — — —	M O R E
— — —	O R E
— —	O R
—	R

This is one solution. There may be others, for you may use any word provided it is a legitimate or real word.

That was easy, wasn't it? Now, try another word and solve it yourself.

MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE

By Sylvia Harper

Each person has pencil, paper and Bibles ready while the mother of your family conducts the quiz. Do you suppose you could name all these Bible mothers? Write numbers 1 to 12 down the left side of your sheet of paper. As Mother reads the name of the son or daughter, with the Bible reference for each number, write them carefully.

Each member of the family must look up every reference and copy the mother's name correctly in its place. When all are ready, Mother says "go," and after 12 minutes of time, calls a halt to the search. A credit of 10 is given for each correct answer. Who won?

Who was the mother of these folks of the Bible?

1. Dinah—Gen. 3:20-21
2. Samuel—1 Sam. 1:20
3. Ishmael—Gen. 16:15
4. Jesus—Matt. 2:11
5. Joseph—Gen. 30:25
6. Solomon—1 Kings 1:11
7. Seth—Gen. 4:25
8. Timothy—2 Tim. 1:5
9. Isaac—Gen. 21:5
10. John the Baptist—Luke 1:57-60
11. Jacob—Gen. 25:21, 26
12. Eunice—2 Tim. 1:5

Answers

(1) Leah; (2) Hannah; (3) Hagar; (4) Mary; (5) Rachel; (6) Bathsheba; (7) Eve; (8) Eunice; (9) Sarah; (10) Elizabeth; (11) Rebekah; (12) Lois.

Thank You, God, for the Stars

(From page 13.)

a good missionary. The steps were clean. The house was in order. Clothes were neatly hung. The mother received us enthusiastically; the father was quietly courteous. The mother said, "We don't know what you did at camp, but Phil is certainly a different boy since he came home! He scrubs and cleans himself all the time. He stays at home and works on stuff out in the shed. He gets along with the rest of us so much better. He is happy. He even has us praying before we eat! What's more, he goes to church school."

Phil's case is normal and can be repeated by the thousands all over America. His brothers and cousins may not all live in the blighted neighborhoods, but the pattern is the same: congestion; rush; a sense of not being wanted or belonging; parents involved in too many interests and activities outside the home to give adequate companionship and leadership; a growing resentment against society on the part of the youngster that sooner or later expresses itself in juvenile delinquency.

Christian camping under Christian sponsorship and with a Christian purpose is an excellent preventative. Here, as in Phil's case, Christ is real. He is demonstrated in the midst of natural surroundings by people who know him and who have him at the center of their living as naturally and casually as breathing. Time was when the chief values of camping were fresh air and plenty of wholesome milk. They are good, but not enough. Christian camping gives a sense of partnership and belonging to a family not bound by walls and family name; to a family drawn together around a spirit and a philosophy such as the world has never seen before (or since) the Galilean walked the shores of the lake and chatted with the fishermen about a more worth-while kind of living.

Yes, when we go to a Christian camp we don't have to search for life's values. Like Phil's stars, they are there where you can see them and claim them!



Family Counselor

Jason is a neurotic. But he thinks he is losing his mind. In this scientific column we offer you the facts that can free you from slavish dread of lightning and sudden death, venereal diseases and insanity. Children with chronic nightmares also need the bulletin mentioned today.

Jason W., aged 26, is a talented commercial artist. "Dr. Crane, I have come to see you because I am so unhappy," he said. His face twitched and he showed all the visible signs of an excessively nervous, almost hysterical patient.

"I can't do anything because I am so afraid and self-conscious. People frighten me. I can hardly answer them when they speak to me. In fact, it is getting so I am self-conscious even when I am alone. Do you think I am losing my mind?"

DATE YOUR FEAR

"How long have you felt so self-conscious?" I asked. "Were you that way in high school, or in grammar school? When did it begin?"

Jason informed me that until he was nine or ten years of age he was a very good reader and often performed in front of his classes without embarrassment. But when he reached the fourth grade, he began to dread people. And he couldn't stand to have his classmates touch him or hold him. When they realized his terror of such physical contact, they went out of their way to tease him. But Jason was not exactly a mollycoddle, so he would threaten to fight anybody

who touched him. As a result, he got into numerous battles.

ALWAYS A CAUSE

There is always a cause for every psychological effect. That's an axiom to guide you when you try to delve into personality diagnosis. Furthermore, there is a definite time in one's life when our nuisance habits or fear complexes begin, which is why I tried to fix the exact date of onset for Jason's complex.

Since I found that it was a sudden affair and had started during the fourth grade in grammar school, my next question very naturally was: "What did you do at that time to make you feel guilty?" He confessed that he had started self sex practices at that time, and then later had read one of those old-fashioned books on the subject which said such bad habits produced insanity. There was the beginning of his self-consciousness! He became so worried over himself and his sanity, that he even began to think everybody else was aware of his guilt.

GUILTY THOUGHTS

Thieves and other guilty persons are inclined to become so obsessed with themselves or their safety that they lose perspective. Thus, they soon begin to credit their companions with clairvoyance, so they imagine their sin has leaked out. They become afraid even of a shadow. Jason felt this same type of guilt reaction and fell heir to its usual bad effects on personality, except that his fear was further aggravated by dread of insanity.

His complex about having any of his playmates even touch him, was also not an illogical matter. An older boy had initiated him into homosexual practices, and thereafter he had been afraid of a recurrence thereof, so he was panicky whenever a boy seized his arm.

Send for the bulletin on "Sex Problems of Young People," enclosing a dime and 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Samantha has learned one of the basic secrets of tightrope walkers. You teen-agers should follow her example. And you grumblers of the menopausal age could snap out of the doldrums by following her prescription. It is sound psychology.

Samantha B., aged 80, is a faithful follower of this column in a Toledo newspaper. "Dr. Crane, I have learned long ago that the best cure for the blues is to get into some form of helpful action," she wrote me not long ago. Incidentally, she typed the letter herself and did a very good job of it, too. "You said we should extrovert our attention upon the problems around us and join the Compliment Club. I have found that a perfect way to get over self-pity. And if I ever begin to grow sorry for myself, I just think of other people who are far worse off than I am.

"I read, write, sew, mend, make hand-hooked rugs, enjoy music and social affairs, visit my friends, etc. A busy life is a happy one. It is idleness which breeds discontent. So tell your readers to

get into action and thank God for their many blessings."

PROVED RECIPE

Samantha has proved her psychological recipe for happiness. She is a vivacious great-grandmother. She has learned that the old adage is true: "He who grumbles, has too much!"

Do you young people grumble because you have no auto to ride in? Then remember the millions of human beings who don't even have shoes to walk on. Do you complain because you have freckles or other minor skin blemishes? Then think of the thousands of totally blind people who would rejoice if they could only see freckles on their skin!

Do you oldsters fret because you have arthritis in your knees? Remember the thousands of soldiers

who haven't any legs at all. They'd be glad to have a pair of knees to ache.

Do you children protest because you don't like the type of dessert your mother serves today? Then think of the millions in Europe, not to mention Asia and Africa, who get only a piece of black bread for their entire meal, or a little flour gravy and a potato.

TIGHTROPE WALKERS

Tightrope walkers have learned to gaze into the wings of the stage in order to gain better perspective. If they focus on their feet or on the rope beneath them, they get a distorted perspective and fall.

And so it is with happy people. They widen their horizons by resting their gaze upon the eternal truths. They even go on beyond our geographical horizon and see

God in the wonders of the sky. Then they gain greater emotional stability. Freckles and bowed legs, a flat bust or thick ankles, arthritis or a disliked dessert do not upset them. Like the talented tightrope walker, they have better poise. So when we psychologists urge you to become active in a local church, we are not mouthing vain words. No, we are giving you sound prescriptions for better health and greater happiness. The Golden Rule externalizes your attention from your own epidermis. And the "Compliment Club" is one of the most effective methods for putting the Golden Rule into action in your home or social group. Try it and see for yourself.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, 36-stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Cried like a sheep -----	48 113 120 60 34
B Prophet who was rebuked by the ass he was riding -	16 67 53 28 71 103
C House in which Hiawatha lived -----	87 85 43 66 122
D To grow less strong -----	61 41 32 9 47 72
E To come out of a sleep --	116 79 129 18 109
F Disliked intensely -----	101 80 98 69 30
G A reflected image -----	50 132 82 20 36 24
H Universal, not local -----	83 39 12 76 14 86 54
I To applaud, as at a sports event -----	46 105 78 93 115
J Child's name for father --	57 89 27 70 106
K Just about right -----	64 107 63 73 110
L Secured or bound with fetters -----	65 92 11 25 2 15 13
M Small grip or bag -----	31 95 51 88 38 5 90
N An Indian boy, hero of a famous poem -----	22 33 1 7 55 21 4 45
O One-sixtieth of an hour --	91 130 26 17 74 19
P A standing-up bath -----	40 75 99 104 44 77

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
11	12	13		14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23		24	25	26	27		28	29	30	31
32	33	34		35	36		37	38	39		40 41
42		43	44	45	46	47		48	49		50 51
52	53	54		55	56	57		58	59	60	61
62	63	64		65	66	67	68	69	70		71 72
73		74	75	76	77	78		79	80	81	82
	83	84	85	86	87		88	89	90	91	92
93		94	95	96	97		98	99		100	101 102
103		104	105	106		107	108	109		110	111 112
	113	114	115	116	117	118		119	120	121	122
123	124	125		126	127		128	129	130	131	132

Solution on page 27.

Q Firm; not fickle or wavering -----	68 58 23 42 3 123
R To end something -----	128 52 29 96 94 119
S To do better than others -	111 125 37 97 124
T One more -----	6 56 8 35 59 10 84
U Apples, pears, peaches, and such -----	114 108 112 62 131
V Something to strain things through -----	81 117 49 121 102
W Do not -----	118 127 126 100

What Teeners Think of Their Parents

(From page 19.)

ng at home in unsupervised living rooms. "If I were a parent of a child entertaining a friend of the opposite sex, I wouldn't remain in the same room," she said, "but I certainly would be around somewhere."

She added that most of these teen-agers will settle down and lead very conservative lives as they get older. Commenting on the things that youngsters name as their own biggest mistakes, she said: "When they get older, they get the stamina to be more like what they want to be." So take heart, Mom and Dad, things won't always be such a trial. You can remember an old adage in this case: This too shall pass.

Many of the authorities who read the reports of the survey thought that the answer to the question "Are you happy?" was the best news of all. Sixty-four per cent replied "yes," only 3 per cent gave it a completely unqualified "no." One person who commented about this particularly was Dr. Thelma Thurstone, director of the Bureau of Child Study for the Chicago schools and the psychologist-wife of a University of Chicago psychologist. She said: "That's very encouraging. The unhappy adolescent is a cause for concern, and most children and adults who are maladjusted or in trouble will admit that they are unhappy. The fact that so few of them consider themselves unhappy suggests that the majority of them are not in any real trouble."

In commenting later about teen-agers' lack of responsibility, a problem many parents face, Dr. Thurstone stated that this lack is often our own fault. "As long as parents just want to make rules and enforce them, they will never teach their children to make decisions with good judgment. We need to give youth a chance to develop responsibility by assuming it. One doesn't suddenly, overnight, become a responsible person."

So there it is, Mom and Dad, what 1400 teeners think of their respective parents and what some of the experts on teeners think of these expressed opinions. We hope that this insight into adolescent minds has helped you to understand your own teener a teeny bit better.

Joey, Highest Jumper of Them All

(From page 21.)

something the matter with his hind legs, and sometimes he could not control even his tail. It was bound to sway the way he did not want it to go.

All of a sudden, his mother came at him from nowhere—swooped him up in her front paws and pushed the ground beneath them as she flew through the

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 26.)

"And he awoke and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, 'Peace! Be still!' And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. He said to them, 'Why are you afraid? Have you no faith?'"—Mark 4:39-40.

The Words

A Baaed	L Chained
B Balaam	M Satchel
C Teepee	N Hiawatha
D Weaken	O Minute
E Awake	P Shower
F Hated	Q Steady
G Shadow	R Finish
H General	S Outdo
I Cheer	T Another
J Daddy	U Fruit
K Dandy	V Sieve

W Don't

air, bouncing up and down—up and down. Joey was frightened. Now where were they going?

She was heading for the grove of gidyea trees on the edge of the forest. He had never known her to travel so fast. He could hear her heart thumping above him. His own was thumping, too. He took a deep breath and peeked out of the pouch. All the other kangaroos were hurrying toward the forest, too.

Finally, with a thump his mother landed inside the grove, and her heart did not beat so fast. "Didn't you hear Old Grandpop thumping it out with his tail?" she asked Joey. "That meant that the wild dogs are coming!" she panted.

Wild dogs! What if he were on his own sometime, when they came? Would he hear the thumping of the old kangaroos? Would he be able to get out of the way of the wild dogs as his mother had? Joey huddled back in the pouch and closed his eyes, trying to shut out the idea.

"You'll just have to keep on jumping until you learn to improve, Joey!" His mother was still cross. "We've eaten all the grass there is around here. And now we'll have to find another patch, some place where the stream is not so wide, maybe. And do you realize that as soon as your cousins hear that you're out of my pouch, they'll be coming to call? I just couldn't stand it if they found you unable to take care of yourself, at your age!" She looked at him seriously for a moment. "No doubt they've been thinking that you're not as strong as they, because you've been hidden away so long in my pouch! You don't want me to be ashamed of you, do you?"

"They'll be coming soon, too," went on his mother. "Just this morning, I heard old Grandpop thumping it out with his tail. 'Coming soon! Coming soon!' it said."

Joey did not understand how it was that Grandpop could thump out mes-

sages. But he was going to try to be just like him—smart! He thumped his tail down hard and listened but he could only hear the wind in the forest and the cry of the wild dogs in the distance, that sent the shivers through him.

Grandpop must have learned to jump before he could thump out messages. Joey settled back on his hind legs, hugged his front ones to his body, as he had seen his mother do, gave one tremendous thrust with his hindquarters, and up he went in the air. Over the stream! He made a perfect landing, and when he looked around to see if anyone had noticed, there was his mother looking so proud!

"That's good!" she said. "Now, I'll not be ashamed of my Joey!"

So he hopped and he hopped. Every day he went higher than he did the day before. From the surrounding gidyea trees, grasshoppers snapped at the flies, and the birds were almost bursting their little throats with song. The wind carried the scent of the grasses all about him. Overcome with happiness and giddy from the excitement, Joey rose and fell like a jack-in-the-box, practicing for the show he would put on for his cousins. He reached the clump of gidyeas in a short time for a baby kangaroo only twenty inches long.

When it was dark all around and the moon had come up high overhead, his cousins gathered.

"Joey's nothing but a sissy," whispered Cousin Opossum to the row of little ones perched on her back. "Never been away from his mother!" The baby opossums got down in turn and rolled over, then pretended they were dead. They could not wait for the rest to come, they were so eager to show first what they could do.

Koala-bear, with her baby slung over her shoulder, scoffed. Then she climbed a eucalyptus tree, clear to the topmost branch, her baby still clinging to her back. She looked down at them. "I wish I had a eucalyptus leaf for every time I've climbed this tree!" she shouted.

Cousin Bandicoot jumped about, sending the dust in all directions as he dug out a burrow with his sharp claws.

Then it was Joey's turn.

He leaped high in the air. Once he got started, it seemed he was never going to stay on the ground again. He jumped over the stream, turned and did it again. Then he went into a series of crazy spins, dizzy with excitement. He tried a high jump for the first time. And he did it! Then the broad jump. He did that, too. He proved he was the best jumper in the whole family. And he was no sissy!

All of a sudden he came to a stop—so fast he almost lost his balance. He looked around to get everyone's attention. Then he pounded the ground hard with his tail. Was it his imagination, or could he really hear the echo off in the forest?



By Loie Brandom

Mothers Make Merry in May

ON MOTHER'S DAY, what could be nicer than a neighborhood gathering of families to honor all the mothers, one in which they would have no responsibility other than that of enjoying themselves?

Spring flowers make the most artistic decorations at this time of the year, and the flower theme can be carried out in the entertainment and in pastel colors in the refreshments. For example, the following game would make a good starter, and any number may take part.

Bouquet of Flowers. A circle is formed of all the players except two who represent bouquets and stand in the center of the ring. A leader whispers the name of a different flower into the ear of each player in the circle. The "bouquets" do not know what flowers are represented, nor by whom. They take turns in saying, "I want a rose [or aster, or lily] in my bouquet." The player who is the rose must keep perfectly still, and must not show in any way that he represents a rose, either by his facial expression or by involuntary actions. In the meanwhile, the other bouquet watches, hoping to find out exactly what flower to call when it is his turn. Should the rose give no sign, the first bouquet must make a guess. If right, the rose goes into that bouquet and

takes her place beside that guesser. If wrong, then she keeps quiet, remains in the circle, and the other bouquet calls for a flower, and the game proceeds as before, until all players are in the bouquet.

Name Your Flowers. This is a game with a catch in it, and it may take a while for some of the players to see through the catch. The players, any number, sit in a circle. The leader points to someone and says, "Name two of your favorite flowers." If the girl's name is Jane Smith and she answers, "Roses and tulips," she must drop out of the game. If, however, she replies, "Jonquils and sunflowers," she stays in the circle. The catch, of course, being that each player must name flowers whose first letters are the same as the first letters in his own first and last names. The leader should start counting as soon as he has called upon a player, and the player must answer before the leader counts to ten or he is out of the game.

Rhyming is a game that can also be a lot of fun for any number of people who do not care for too strenuous exercise. Some player starts off with a remark similar to, "I have a rose." The next player must add a sentence ending in a word rhyming with nose, after repeating the first sentence, thus: "I have a rose, held

close to my nose." Number three might add, "I have a rose held close to my nose, which I am sure shows," with number four player's contribution being, "I have a rose held close to my nose, which I am sure shows, a most artistic pose," and so on until someone runs out of rhyming words. When this happens then that person must pay a forfeit, to be redeemed later. He then has the privilege of starting a new rhyme.

The young members of the family groups may be wanting some more active games by this time so let's try the following if the party is being held in a church recreation room, school gymnasium, or other large place with plenty of space.

Rescue the Perishing. Three chalk lines are drawn across the playing space. Behind, but toeing the line on one side of the room, are the passengers in a make-believe boat. In the center is the stormy sea. Back of the third line are the rescuers, each with a rope in his hand. At the given signal, "Ships Ahoy!" yelled by the captain, the ropes are thrown to those in the sinking boat. As a passenger catches a rope, he hurriedly ties it about his waist and the rescuer holding the other end of the rope pulls him ashore. As quickly as possible, the one pulled ashore frees the rope from his waist, so the rescuer can throw it to another seafarer and pull him ashore. There should be at least one lifeguard to each four people in the boat. The lifeguard saving the lives of the greatest number of stranded passengers from the boat, wins the prize for himself and those he has rescued. As the passengers can aid materially in saving time by their quick actions in fastening and unfastening the rope from their waists, they too deserve a reward.

Reading Aloud. Those who volunteer or who are chosen to read aloud, are asked to go into another room until called upon. Three judges of the older generation are chosen to decide which contestant reads the script most intelligently. The first reader enters the room and is handed a

sheet of paper on which are written a number of short sentences. There are no punctuation marks, spacings, capital letters, or signs of any kind to help the reader make sense of the words on the page. The following is an example of what she is likely to find on the paper handed her:

"Vesuvius woke up and began to grumble worry is fear gone to seed absurd it is to give bread pills for a broken leg as a boy he climbed a crab apple tree for a cargo of cramp generators certain it is that a crooked tree will have a crooked shadow all the sweet talk had turned to pickled tongue." Correctly read, the sentences are:

"Vesuvius woke up and began to grumble." "Worry is fear gone to seed." "Absurd it is to give bread pills for a broken leg."

"As a boy he climbed a crab-apple tree for a cargo of cramp-generators." "Certain it is that a crooked tree will have a crooked shadow." "All the sweet talk had turned to pickled tongue."

The judges award one point for each sentence read correctly, and the reader having the most points wins the prize.

The last part of the evening's entertainment should be a short program honoring the mothers present. A soloist or quartette could sing, "O Mother of Mine," "Mother Machree," or other mother songs. Readings and short talks along the same line would be appropriate. The oldest mother present should be crowned Queen of the Evening, and the youngest mother should be Maid of Honor.

attach gifts from other guests to the arms of the pole, using shining, pastel-colored ribbons.

Now, to thoughts for the table. In the center, use a very tall, pastel taper. Slip a ring over the top, having it sized so that it will slip down several inches to a point where it will be held by the tapering candle. Attach pastel satin streamers to the ring, letting one ribbon lead out to each guest's place and to a dainty May nosegay, doily backed and bearing a place card.

Fare: The luncheon menu is simple, with the lightness of spring and May in mind.

MENU

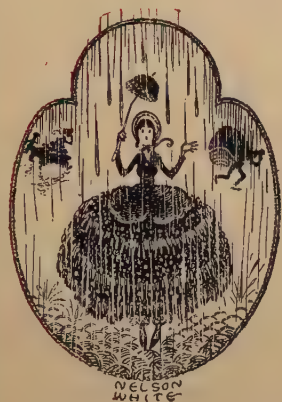
Nosegay Cocktail
Spring Vegetable Flower Plate
Mayflower Dessert
Beverage
Pastel Mints

Nosegay Cocktail: Cut out the centers from small paper doilies, so that they will just fit over the opening of sherbet glasses, leaving the dainty edges showing. Fill the sherbets with chilled, mixed fruit cocktail, sprigged with fresh mint leaves.

Spring Vegetable-Flower Plate: On each individual luncheon plate, arrange the following: A cooked artichoke, leaves spread apart, petal fashion. Mayonnaise in a small paper cup. Bread rounds, lightly spread with a chicken salad mixture and topped with spiced almonds spiraled out as petals from a center of sieved egg yolk. A tomato, cut into eighths, but not completely through, with the sections spread apart and, in the center, a mixture of chopped pineapple, cucumber, and a bit of mayonnaise. A small pickled fruit and a radish rose.

Mayflower Dessert: Roll out sugar cookie dough and cut into simple leaf shapes; dust lightly with green-tinted sugar. (Just add a bit of green food coloring to sugar in a jar, and shake well to mix the color.) Bake as usual.

At serving time, place two of these baked cookie leaves on each crystal (or china) plate, having the "stem" ends meet. Arrange three tiny scoops of assorted fruit sherbets in the center of the leaves, to resemble a flower cluster.



Showers in May

By Helen Houston Boileau

WHAT MORE appropriate time to plan a bridal shower than in May, the month whose flower namesake, the Mayflower, has long been symbolic of hope and happiness.

Planned entertainment is usually superfluous at such gatherings. Guests seem to prefer "just talking," and time passes all too quickly. Which leaves the main problems for the planning hostess to consider, **Fare** and **Fancies**.

Under **Fancies**, comes sub-problem No. 1: how to present the bride-to-be with her gifts. Since it's May, why resist the temptation to include a traditional May-pole in the *decor*? However, in this case, said pole won't be exactly traditional! Instead, use one of those small, indoor clothes-pole dryers, with extendable wooden arms. It makes a wonderful May-pole. Let it be the gift to the bride-to-be from her hostess; then

Deborah Is Promoted

(From page 9.)

Never, anywhere, so Deborah thought, could roller skating be so much fun as it was that spring in Maryville. The old wooden plank sidewalks had been taken up all over town and replaced with smooth, new cement. And most opportunely, a heavy late-winter snow had caused the collapse of the roof of the indoor skating rink. The owner had decided not to rebuild and had sold the entire stock of new ball-bearing rink skates for a dollar a pair. Simply everyone had swift, new skates, and the smooth concrete walks made a very thrilling after-school world to a ten-year-old on roller skates, particularly if she also owned a new Red Riding Hood cape.

But Deborah did not screw the skates to the soles of her scuffed, black laced shoes. The skates dangled over her arm, under the cape, and she walked home a roundabout way, down a street where the walks were still torn up and no one would be skating.

The house somehow felt empty with Mamma away, even before she took

the key from under the flowerpot and opened the front door. She changed to play clothes, filled a pocket full of cookies and a couple of apples. She would go down to the barn lot and talk to Bill, the flea-bitten, gray trotting horse who had been a part of the family as long as she could remember. But half-way there, she recalled that Mamma had asked Papa to hitch Bill up to the surrey for her sewing club meeting. The barn, too, would be empty. She might as well go call on Mrs. Dorsey. She would almost always welcome Deborah and allow her to take two-year-old Jimmy out for a walk, since she had Baby Kathleen to care for.

If Deborah stayed home, her older sister, Helen, who was in high school, might be coming home with a girl friend. Helen might know. She had a curious way of picking up bits of information about Deborah and taunting her with the knowledge while they did the supper dishes together. She didn't always tell Mamma. It was worse when she didn't. And sometimes you didn't even know whether she really knew something or not. She just smiled in a knowing way when Mamma wasn't looking. Better stay away until suppertime.

SHE WAS a block away from home, pushing Jimmy in his gocart, when Mamma drove by, sitting up very straight in the front seat of the new surrey. Bill was stepping high, anxious to be home. Mamma tried to pretend that he would stop if she said, "Whoa, Bill," but Deborah and Bill both knew that he wouldn't, when he was headed for home; so Deborah waved without calling, and Bill trotted on, to stop with a flourish at exactly the right spot for Mamma to step down on the carriage block. Mamma tied him and hurried in to get supper started before Papa came home.

Deborah pushed the gocart around the corner and up the bumpy brick walk to the Dorsey cottage. Jimmy was glad to go in his house. But not Deborah. She came back to stand on the mounting block to pet Bill and feed him the apples she still carried in her pocket. Perhaps she could wait there until Papa came. Surely he couldn't possibly know so soon. Who would come in to the Maryville Clothing Company, Gent's Furnishings, and tell the proprietor that his little girl had been spanked in the cloakroom by Miss Minnie? If she could wait, and walk in with Papa, supper might be on the table.

But it wasn't to be that easy. Helen came to the door and called, "Deborah, Mamma says if you didn't do your practicing, to come in right now and do it before supper."

She stepped down from the high block and walked slowly in. Helen stood just inside the hall door with a funny smile. Yes, she knew.

Ten minutes of scales, ten minutes of Czerny. You could do those without thinking, but the new piece she had this week was hard. It should swing like a gondola on the canals in Venice, her teacher had said. Deborah liked to play it like long smooth strokes on roller skates, but tonight she couldn't think of happy things like skating. She was thumping it out like—well, about like Mamma pounding the steak in the kitchen.

She slipped from the piano stool and lay face down on the hard black leather tufting of the parlor sofa.

The boys wouldn't say much, just something like, "That old Miss Minnie." She hadn't cried and that was all that mattered to them. She didn't know how the girls would act, or what they would say. How could she tell? No girl had ever been spanked before. Maybe no one would ask her to skip rope with them, or make May baskets, or go roller skating. Maybe their mothers wouldn't want Mamma to come to the sewing club any more. And would Papa be ashamed, too, in the store?

The swinging door to the dining room squeaked as Helen passed back and forth, setting the table for supper. It was mostly Helen's voice she heard—she wished she could shut it out. Was

IN MEMORY OF SHEILA (From page 11)

Would Heaven Itself Be Gay?

Do hollyhocks belong where a little girl lies
sleeping?

You could not be serious, even here,
Where sadness casts its lingering spell,
For you dared to laugh, displace a tear,
Some bit of mischief seem to tell.

Why did I happen to suppose,
That you could ever be subdued,
And so be modest as the rose
When yours is always vivid mood?

I fear with almost any kind of chance
You would pull away and run,
Whirl and twist and dance,
And brightly flaunt your fun.

Should I take you back again with me
And let sedateness reappear?
Hushed voices rise protestingly,
"Let the hollyhocks stay here.

"Who condemns us to be always sad,
And would our laughter all destroy?
We love life when life is glad,
And everything that goes with joy."

When I plant you there on heaven's hill
Will you make up there your brave display,
With every color, every frill—
Will heaven itself, then, dare be gay?

Helen telling Mamma, and was Mamma too sad to say anything? The door swung to, hard, as Helen left the kitchen, her job done, and started through the sitting room toward the parlor. Deborah stiffened. It was coming now. But Mamma's voice halted her.

"Helen, come back here. I want to speak to you, please." And the door swung to again, but not until she had heard Mamma's voice with a stern note saying, "Not one word, ever."

Papa came in almost at once; Deborah drew herself up into a tight little ball against the wall. How could she go out and face them all at the supper table! Her stomach really did feel sick. If she said she was sick, would Mamma let her go to bed and bring her milk toast?

Papa called to Mamma, "Supper smells mighty good. Will I have time to unharness Bill before you get it on the table?"

And Mamma called back, "Plenty of time. I went to my club today, you know." Papa went out through the kitchen door without knowing Deborah was there.

Almost at once Mamma came out of the kitchen and into the twilight-lit parlor. The hard little ball at the dark end of the couch didn't uncurl as Mamma sat down on the edge. She did not touch her but her voice, when it came, was like a soft hand.

"Helen told me what she heard at school. Would you like to tell me what happened?"

And then it all came out with deep, hard sobs—how she hadn't meant to be disobedient, how she hadn't heard Miss Minnie say "No," how everyone passed notes, but, most of all, how ashamed she was to be spanked. No girl had ever been spanked before. It would almost have been better to be whipped like the boys.

There was no answer for a long time while she sobbed, but there was a hand gently pulling back damp hair from the tear-drenched cheeks and rebraiding a pigtail, and finally, a voice saying, "Mamma is sorry." Not a word about being ashamed, or disgraced, or even, "Why didn't you . . . ?" or, "What did she say?"—just "Mamma is sorry," and a long pause before she spoke again.

"You know, Deborah, Miss Minnie doesn't always have a very happy time. She lives with her mother, who is very old and very cross with Miss Minnie. She is sick in bed now, and Miss Minnie has to wait on her a great deal at night, and I don't think her mother ever says 'thank you' to her. And you know all the teachers as well as the pupils had to be vaccinated when we had the small-pox scare a couple of weeks ago. Miss Minnie's didn't take the first time, and the doctor did it over. Now she has two bad sores on her arm, and it probably is awfully hard teaching all day

with a sore arm. It's much worse than yours was."

That was all. After a bit she went on, "If you have your ribbon in your pocket, I'll tie your pigtail for you. You've just time to wash your face and hands for supper before Papa gets back from the barn. There's plenty of nice warm water in the reservoir."

Deborah walked into the kitchen with scarcely a glance at Helen waiting by the kitchen window. She wasn't afraid of her knowing look. There was nothing she had to be ashamed of, nothing to fear. What was more, she thought, she would never be afraid that way again, for now she knew that grownups—teachers, mothers, and fathers, too—could do things that were wrong. And they might be sorry, too. Mamma hadn't said it in words, she couldn't do that,

OUR COVER

Is not a young mother one
of the sweetest sights life shows
us?

—THACKERAY

but Deborah knew, and in knowing had moved up one more step toward being Mamma.

SPRING and roller skates and red cape were part of another world when Deborah got up the next morning. A March blizzard had blown in overnight, and snow was piled as high as the porch railings. Deborah was glad that Helen asked if they couldn't stay home from school. She still didn't know how the girls would act. Today was Friday, and by Monday she might know. But Mamma said, "You mustn't let a little weather frighten you. I'll pack you a nice lunch, and maybe you will be dismissed early."

All of the fifth-grade girls who were Deborah's best friends were absent. Only a few girls who lived very near school were present, and they were the ones who didn't matter. Early in the morning, before recess, one of the high school girls came from the principal's office with a note for Miss Minnie. After reading it, she announced that since there were so few present, there would be no recess and classes would be dismissed at half-past twelve.

With hardly anyone to recite, spelling and geography were over in no time at all. The wind was blowing so hard against the north windows that Miss Minnie told all those in the back rows to move up into the vacant seats in the front of the room. By ten-thirty all the classes had recited. Miss Minnie told all those who had brought lunches to eat them, if they wished, and suddenly it was a party with people in

strange seats, huddled up close together, and Miss Minnie, smiling and gay, eating with them.

WHEN LUNCH was over and the wastebaskets had been passed, Miss Minnie came to the front of the room and said, "You will have the same homework for Monday. Now let's choose up sides and have a ciphering match until the bell rings for dismissal. Ruth, you may be captain for one side; William, the other."

This made it the nicest party ever—in a schoolroom, that is. Deborah hoped William would choose her. He was a sixth-grader that lived 'way on the other side of town. Did he remember from the last match that she was as good in long division as any of the sixth-graders?

He mumbled "Deborah" on the second choice, and she moved from her front row desk over to the sixth-grade side. It was still like a party—you could move about, and sit in anyone's seat, and whisper a little, too, if the match got very exciting.

Miss Minnie left her desk and took a seat in the row of big desks on the sixth-grade side. Deborah didn't expect to be called up early in the match. A good captain always kept one or two strong ones to call on if his side got behind.

Then Malcolm came up for his side and everyone settled down for a long dull time. Malcolm hardly ever managed to stay up even once, but because he couldn't do any problem very well, he always seemed to trust addition and chose that. It took such a long time to read out the problem and get it written on the board.

Deborah sat watching Miss Minnie. She looked pretty today. Perhaps her mother had slept better last night and hadn't been cross this morning.

Miss Minnie's eyes scanned the handful of pupils all with eyes front toward the blackboard, all except Deborah who met her surveillance with a timid smile and narrow little shoulders pulled forward in an asking gesture. Miss Minnie returned the smile and beckoned, pointing to the empty seat beside her. As Deborah slipped in beside her, Miss Minnie leaned down to whisper.

"I thought you might be cold. You may go to the cloakroom and get your coat if you are."

Deborah, sitting very straight, her eyes almost on a level with those of Miss Minnie leaning down, whispered back, "I'm perfectly all right, thank you, Miss Minnie. How is your vaccination?"

And Miss Minnie whispered back, almost with a giggle, "It's itching so I can hardly stand it today. It must be a good take. But it's a lot better."

And they smiled together, meeting on that new level of understanding to which Mamma had helped Deborah to climb, without words spelled out to show the way.



May Meditations

... 'Tis the merry, merry month of May, the fifth month, the "flow'ry month." The name probably comes from the name of an ancient Roman goddess, Maia, who was the consort of Vulcan. An offering was made to her every May 1st. It is the month of many interesting celebrations and observances. . . . What a variety of customs cluster around *May Day*. Maypole dances, which little boys—at least this one did—hate! May Breakfasts, held by millions of women in our country. An annual International Labor Day, designated as such in the nineteenth century. In Russia, a day for honoring the revolution of 1917. In several other lands, a day when the restlessness of the dispossessed frequently breaks out in riots. . . . *Mother's Day*, with its countless associations, its observances in churches, which is too often marred with commercialism and a too stickily sweet sentimentalism. . . . *Christian Family Week*, being recognized more and more frequently by churches and also by entire communities. . . . *Penetecost*, the birthday of the church, this year being observed on May 24. . . . *Memorial Sunday*, set aside to honor the nation's war dead, now gaining in an emphasis upon the determination to achieve peace. . . . *Remember!* Memorial week end will be a dangerous one. Drive carefully and courteously.

Try This for a Family Vacation

Have you ever taken your family to your church's annual national meeting? If not, why not plan to use part of your vacation period this year by doing that very thing?

Families of the man who sits in the pew, as well as those of the man who stands in the pulpit, should have this enriching experience. Just to mingle with one's spiritual yokefellows from all over the nation and all over the world is alone worth the cost and

trouble involved. If we take our vacations in order to become better acquainted with the land we live in, we ought also occasionally go to the national church assembly or convention to become better acquainted with the church of which we are a part. In fact, it is possible to do both things at once.

The annual meetings of both church bodies for whom *Hearthstone* is published will be held in cities classified as vacation areas. The American Baptist Convention assembles in Denver, Colorado, May 20 to 26, and the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ meets in Portland, Oregon, July 4 to 9. By attending either (or both?) of these meetings, no family will be deprived entirely of going to a beautiful vacation spot.

If this suggestion comes to you a little too late to make plans to attend this year, why not begin to think now of next year. In 1954 the Disciples go to Tampa, Florida, and the Baptists will likely meet in some place that will also be a good place to go on a vacation.

So—Try this idea out on your family vacation!

Congratulations, Graduates!

This month and early in June the 1953 crop of high school and college graduates will be harvested. *Hearthstone* takes this opportunity to give a good loud cheer to these travelers on education's highway and to their parents who have brought them thus far along that way.

We mean "thus far," for education is an endless trail. School days may come to an end, but we are eternally being educated. So let no graduate think he is through with education.

Nevertheless, here is a tip of the hat and a toss of the hand to all of you who have marked off another milestone in your education!

Family Curriculum Reading

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Elizabeth C. Gardner. A helpful exposition on the lawyer's question to Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" This illustrated booklet will guide adults to more Christian living in the community. The subjects discussed include: ways of being friendly with neighbors and showing consideration . . . suggestions for neighborly cooperation . . . how to get along with other people's children . . . how to get along with church neighbors . . . community church activities . . . how to avoid common causes of friction . . . ways of overcoming prejudices . . . good policies for borrowing and lending . . . how to share the joys and sorrows of neighbors . . . community celebrating, gardening and planning projects. 50 cents



ENJOYING THE BIBLE AT HOME

By Anna Laura Gebhard. An illustrated booklet explaining how the Bible can enrich family living. The material includes suggestions for giving the Bible a voice in the home, telling stories from the Bible to children, exploring the new translations, seeking guidance from the Bible for family needs, and making the Bible live through family activities and games. There is a chapter explaining home resources that will help families enjoy the Bible more and a chapter on church resources. Particularly valuable is the chart showing the level of Bible understanding for children and youth from 1 to 17 years old and for adults, together with a listing of portions of the Bible meaningful to each age, suggested Scripture to memorize, activities, and resources that help. 50 cents

CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS IN THE HOME

By F. W. Wiegmann. A 96-page book for young married couples on ways to make a marriage last, financing the home, training children, growing as a family, developing family interests and hobbies, becoming a part of a community, selecting from the environment, relations with the church, and religious practices for the family. This material may be used for individual reading or as a quarterly study course in a Sunday morning class. 50 cents



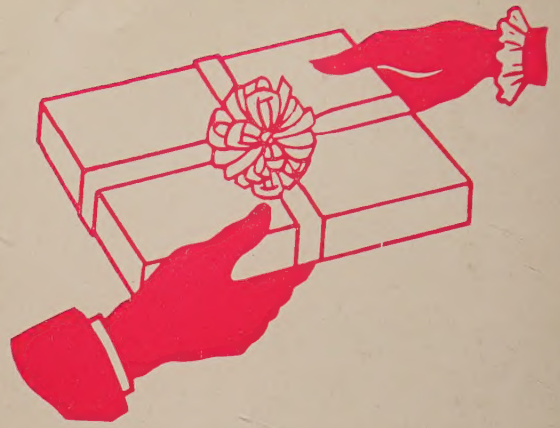
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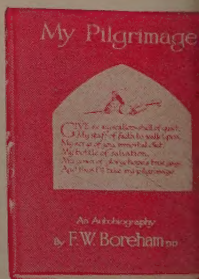
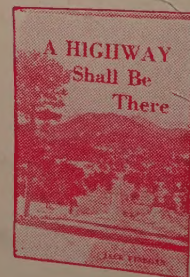
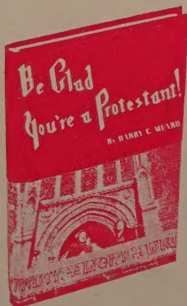
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